The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOICES OF NATURE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Could we gather them up, the gladsome words
Of the rivulet gliding by;
Could we know and sing the murmured song
Of the leaflets growing high,
What utter joy would awaken and thrill
To perfect life each passive will.

Could we understand the wonderful song
Of the free bird by us winging,
Or bending low down in the summer green,
Learn what the insects are singing,
What a musical flow of sound would start
To rhythm and words in each silent heart.

Could we read the heart of the blade of grass
Growing in the meadow;
Or mingle our voice with the gentle rain
That comes when the sun's in shadow;
How the days would drift out in perfect peace,
And the joys of the night would never cease.

And the grand, weird song of the angry wind,
Or the summer breezes sighing;
And the wild sad moan of the ocean wave
Answering the gull o'er it flying;
What mystical language do they use,
That their burden of music we ever must lose?

And the glorious sun on his onward march,
From east to west o'er going;
And the gentle moon and gleaming stars
With music still o'erflowing;
Could we read as a book their wondrous story,
What bliss could we gain from the ages hoary?

For Nature would open her choicest stores,
Her sweetest secrets be telling;
While brook and tree, and blade of green,
Would the rapid chorus be swelling;
And a tremulous light would illumine the day
As we gathered each pearl-thought on our way.

ELLICE SHIRLEY.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARY DALLORY.

The assembled guests waited in the drawing-room. Madam, with a face of gracious suavity, was bestowing her smiles on all, after her manner in society, her white silk dress gleaming in its richness. A slight frown crossed her brow, however, at the tardy entrance of her son and Richard North.

"We have waited for you," she rather sharply said. "Dinner has been announced."

Richard found his father did not intend to be present, and that he must act as host, which was nothing new. Glancing round the room, he was advancing to Miss Dallory—there was no married lady present save Madam—when Madam's voice rang out cold and clear.

"Take Eliza Field, Richard North. Arthur, you will conduct Miss Dallory."

Now that was all wrong, according to the rules of etiquette. Miss Dallory, the great heiress, whose family was of some note in the county, should have fallen to Richard: Eliza Field, a middle-aged lady, had only been Matilda North's governess. But Madam had a way of enforcing her own mandates; or, rather, of letting people know they might not be disputed. There was a moment's awkwardness: Richard and Arthur both stood with arrested footsteps; and then each advanced to the appointed lady. But Miss Dallory nearly upset it all; she turned away from Captain Bohun to Richard, her hand outstretched.

"How do you do, Mr. Richard North?"

He clasped it for a moment in his. Madam, who had a shrewd way of making guesses, and seeing things that nobody else saw, had picked up a notion long ago, that had Richard North's fortune been in the ascendant, he might have forgotten the wide gulf lying between him and Mary Dallory—she patrician-born, he plebeian—and asked her to step over it.

"I did not know you had returned, Miss Dallory, until a few moments ago," said Richard.

"No! I have been home two days."

They separated. Madam was sweeping on to the dining-room on the arm of a Colonel Carter, whose acquaintance she had made at Hamburg, and the rest had to follow. Richard brought up the rear with Eliza Field.

Miss Dallory, a rather tall and graceful girl of two-and-twenty, sat between Arthur Bohun and Richard North. She was not particularly handsome, but very pleasing. A fair-complexioned face with plenty of good sense in it, gray eyes set rather deep in the head, and soft, dark-brown hair. Her manners were remarkably open and ready; her speech candidly independent. It was this perhaps—the pleasantness of the speech and manners—that made her a favorite with everybody.

The Dallory family were very wealthy. There were three of them; Miss Dallory and her two brothers, John and Frank, both older than herself. They had been left orphans at an early age: their father's will having bequeathed his property nearly equally among the three: the portion of it entailed on his elder son lay in another county. To the surprise of many people it was found that he had left Dallory Hall to his daughter: so that, in point of fact, this Miss Dallory, sitting at Mr. North's dinner-table, was the owner of the house. It had been the residence of the Dallory family during Mr. Dallory's lifetime: after his death, the trustees let it on lease to Mr. North. Which lease was *purchased:* so that Mr. North had no rent to pay for it. The lease, however, had now all but terminated. Madam hoped to be able to get it renewed: perhaps that might be one of the reasons why she was now setting out to pay court to Mary Dallory. That young lady came into her property when she was one-and-twenty; and all power lay in her own hands. Nearly two years ago Miss Dallory had gone on the Continent with an aunt, Mrs. Leasom. Illness had prolonged Mrs. Leasom's stay there, and they had but now returned. Mrs. Leasom remained at her home in London; Miss Dallory came down at once to her younger brother's house—an exceedingly pretty place just beyond the Ham. And that's enough of explanation.

The dinner progressed. Miss Dallory talked chiefly with Richard: next to whom she sat: Arthur Bohun, on the other side, was rather silent and glum. She was telling of her travels; and jestingly complaining of finding what she called a grand dinner, when she had thought Mrs. North was only bringing her to dine en famille—as her dress proved. Which was nothing but a colored muslin.

"Don't laugh at me, Mr. Richard North. If you had been living in a remote village of Switzerland for months, dining off bouilli and a thin chicken in your aunt's chamber, you would think this grand yourself."

"I did not laugh," answered Richard. "It is a vast deal grander than I like."

"Do you get it every day?"

"Nearly."

"Where's Mr. North?" she asked, slightly dropping her voice.

Richard shook his head.

"The grandeur has tired him, Miss Dallory. He dines nearly always in his parlor: I join him as often as I can."

"I hear he is breaking," she continued, her deep gray eyes looking straight at Richard, pity and concern in their depths. "Frank says so."

"He is breaking sadly. The prolonged strain is too much for him."

Madam glanced down the table, and spoke in a taunt tone.

"Are you attending to Miss Field, Richard?"

Miss Field was on his left hand; Miss Dallory on his right.

"Yes, Madam. She heard," added he to Miss Dallory, scarcely moving his lips.

"And it was high treason, I suppose," rejoined that young lady confidentially.—"There have been changes in your home, Mr. Richard, since I was last here. Mr. North's first children were all in it then."

"And now two of them have gone out of it. Bessy to another home: Edmund to—his last one."

"Ah, I heard all. How sad it must have been for you and Mr. North. John and Frank wrote me word that they followed him to the grave."

"Very sad for him as well as us," assented Richard. "But he is better off."

"Who sent that wicked letter?"

Richard North dropped his glance on his plate as he answered, apparently intent on what was there. Miss Dallory's keen eyes had been on *his:* and she used to read a great deal that lay within them.

"There has been no discovery at all."

"It was thought to be Mr. Tim Wilks, I believe."

"It was certainly not he," said Richard, rather hastily.

"No! He had at least something to do with the mischief, if he did not write the letter."

"Yes. But without intending evil. The next to leave the home here may be myself," he added.

"*You!*"

"Of course you have heard that our works are at a stand-still? The men have struck."

"That's old news: I heard it in Switzerland."

"If we are not able to re-open them—and I begin to think we shall not be—I must go out in the world and seek employment elsewhere."

"Nonsense, Richard North!"

"If you reflect for a moment, you will see that it is all sober earnest, Miss Dallory. When a man does not possess the means of living, he must work to earn one."

She said no more then. And when she spoke again the subject was changed.

"Is Bessy's marriage a happy one?"

"Very—as it seems to me. The worst is, Rane gets on as badly as ever in his profession."

"But why does he?"

"I know not. Except that Madam undoubtedly works—always works—to keep him back."

"What a shame! He shall come and attend me. I'll get up some headaches on purpose."

Richard laughed.

"We have had changes also, since you and I met," resumed Miss Dallory. "But not sad ones. I have become my own mistress in the world: am independent of everybody. And Frank has taken up his abode at Ham Court for a permanency."

"I hope you intend to make a good use of your independence," said Richard with gravity.

"Don't I? And I shall *be* independent; you may rely upon that."

"We heard it rumored some time ago that you were likely to lose your independence, Miss Dallory."

"I! In what way?"

"By getting married."

Their eyes met for a moment, and then dropped. Miss Dallory laughed lightly.

"Did the news penetrate as far as this? Well, it never was 'likely,' Mr. Richard North. A—gentleman asked me; but I caught up an idea that he wanted my money more than he did myself, and so—nothing came of it."

"Who was he?"

"It would not be fair to him to tell."

"Right. Thank you for correcting me," spoke Richard in his earnest way. "I ought to feel shame for asking. I beg your pardon; and his."

Happening to glance at the young lady, he saw that her face had turned crimson with blushes. A rare thing for Miss Dallory. She was too self-possessed to display emotion on light occasions.

"Have you seen Ham Court lately?" she resumed, looking up; and the blushes made her look very pretty.

"Not since your brother came to it. He has not been here long, you know. I called one day, but they said Mr. Dallory was out."

"The place is so nice now. He has made alterations and done it up beautifully. You must come again."

"With pleasure," answered Richard. "How long shall you remain with him?"

"As long as he will have me. I am not going away yet. I shall make it my home. Frank has quiet tastes and so have I; and we intend to live together like a brother and sister Darby and Joan, and grow into an old maid and old bachelor."

Richard smiled. "How is it Francis did not come with you to dinner?"

"He was not in the way to get an invitation. May I dare to tell you why?" she added below her breath. "When we saw Madam's carriage driving up, Frank disappeared. 'Say I am out, Polly,' was his order to me. He and Madam never got on well: as a little boy he was terribly afraid of her, and I think the feeling lasts. When I went to put my bonnet on, I found him shut up in his room with the blinds down. He wished me joy of my visit, and promised to come and walk home with me in the evening."

"Take care of Madam's ears," breathed Richard.

"HOW MANY TIMES HAS IT BEEN OFF, ELLEN?"

"She cannot bear me. Your neighbor even cannot. Arthur may"—looking round at Captain Bohun questioningly—"but I don't mind him."

"Talk away," said Arthur. "Dick and I often wish we had a remote room with locked door and drawn blinds to use as a refuge in home storms. Heaven knows it is the pain of my life to be able to say this."

How suggestive it was!—of the estimation in which Mrs. North was publicly held. For her son to confess this, for Miss Dallory with her refined mind and feeling to have called it forth, spoke badly for Madam.

She—Madam—rose from table early. Something in the arrangements seemed not to suit her. It was a warm and lovely evening, and they went out on the lawn. Miss Dallory slipped round the corner of the house to the window of Mr. North's parlor.

It stood open and he sat just within it. Sat with his hands on his knees, and his head drooping. Miss Dallory started back: not so much because his face was thin and worn, but at its expression of hopeless despair. In her two years' absence, he seemed to have aged ten.

She stepped over the threshold, and gently laid her hands on his. He looked up like a man bewildered.

"Why—it—it—it cannot be Mary Dallory."

"It is Mary Dallory; come home at last. You'll kiss me, won't you, dear Mr. North."

He kissed her very fondly. In the old days when John North was supposed to be the most rising man, in a commercial point of view, in the county, Mr. Dallory had thought it worth while to court his friendship, and Mr. North had been asked to stand to his little girl. Mary—after she lost her own parents—was wont to say she belonged to the Hall, and she used to be often there. Her aunt, Mrs. Leasom, who had been a Miss Dallory once, was left personal guardian to the children, with Ham Court as her residence until the younger son should be of age, to whom it would then lapse. But Mrs. Leason spent a large portion of her time in London, and sometimes the children had not seen their native place, Dallory, for years together.

"When did you come home, my dear?"

"To England, a week ago. To Ham Court, only yesterday. Do you know that you are much changed?"

"Ay. There's nothing but change in this life, my dear. The nearer we approach the end of our days, the faster our sorrows seem to come upon us: I have had more than my share of them; and they have changed me. Turning round, to this quarter, to that quarter, I see only one source of comfort left to me in the wide world."

"And that?" she asked, half kneeling at his feet.

"My dear son Richard. Nobody knows the good son he has been to me; the sacrifices he has made. Nobody, save God."

Miss Dallory gave no answer to this. He was stroking her soft hair in deep abstraction, thinking no doubt of his many troubles—for he always was thinking of them—when the person in question entered; Richard North. Miss Dallory rose and sat down on a chair decorously.

She remained but a minute or two now, and spent the time talking and laughing. Richard gave her his arm to take her back to the company. Miss Dallory apparently was in no hurry to go, for she lingered over some of the near flower-beds.

"Is the strike a serious matter?" she questioned, her voice taking a confidential tone.

"As serious as it is possible for any matter of the kind to be," replied Richard.

"You and your men were always on the best of terms: why did they become dissatisfied with you?"

"They never became dissatisfied with me. The Trades Unions' agents stepped in and persuaded them they would be better off if they could work less time and be paid more wages. The men listened: it was only natural; and presented themselves to me with these new demands. I did not grant them, and they struck. That's the whole truth in a nut-shell, Miss Dallory."

"I suppose you could not grant them?"

"Right. I would not grant them upon principle: I could not because my profits did not afford it. I am quite certain of one thing: that if I had acceded, in a short while the men would have demanded more. The Trades Unions will never allow them to be satisfied, until—"

"Until what?" she asked, for Richard had stopped.

"Until the country is ruined. Until its trade has left it."

"It is a serious thing," she said—and she was very grave now. "I suppose you would take the men on again at the old terms?"

"And be glad to do it."

"And they will not be taken?"

"No. I have offered, in regard to their demand for increased wages, to meet them half way. It is of no use."

"Then I think those men deserve to learn what want of employment means," she returned, warmly. "I thought your men were intelligent; I used to know many of them. When I go amongst them—and that may be to-morrow—I shall ask if they have taken leave of their senses. What does Mrs. Gass say to it all?"

Richard smiled a little.

Mrs. Gass said more than he did, he answered, but it was equally useless.

"And I suppose it is the strike that is troubling Mr. North? I do think him so changed."

"It troubles him of course—and there are other things."

"Does it trouble *you?*" asked Miss Dallory, in a pointed tone, as she looked straight at him.

"Trouble me!" he rejoined, in surprise, at the superfluous question. "Why, see you not what it involves—unless we can go on again? Simply ruin. Ruin for me, and for my father with me. There's your brother."

They had reached the lawn at length, and saw Francis Dallory, who had come to walk home with his sister. He was a short, fair young man, with an open countenance. Madam had already seized upon him.

"Where's Arthur?" demanded Madam, imperiously, as Miss Dallory came into view on Richard's arm. "I thought he was with you."

Miss Dallory answered that she had not seen Arthur Bohun since she quitted the dinner-table. Nobody had seen him—that Madam could discover. She suspected he must have gone off somewhere to smoke; and would have liked to put his pipe behind the fire.

But the pipe was not in fault. Arthur Bohun, possibly thinking there were enough without him, had surreptitiously made his escape, and gone for a stroll towards the Ham. It took him so near to Mrs. Cumberland's that he said to himself he might as well call in and ask after her headache—that she had been suffering from in the morning.

Sophistry! Nothing but sophistry. Captain Arthur Bohun did not really care whether the headache was worse or better: until a minute ago he had not even remembered that she had complained of one. The naked truth was, that he could not bear to rest for even one evening without a sight of Ellen Adair. No mother ever hungered for a lost child, as he hungered for her presence.

They were at tea. Mrs. Cumberland, Ellen, and Mr. Seeley. When Jelly showed Captain Bohun in, the doctor was just taking his second cup. Ellen, who sat at the tea-tray, asked Captain Bohun if he would like some, and he rather savagely answered No. Warfare lay in his mind. What business had that man to be sitting there on a footing of companionship with Ellen Adair?

Mrs. Cumberland's head was a little worse, if anything, she replied, thanking Captain Bohun for his solicitude in regard to it. Mr. Seeley had given her two draughts of something—ether, she believed—in the afternoon: but they had not done the head any good. Arthur pushed back his golden hair in a passion. Then the man had had the impudence to go there in the afternoon, as well as morning and evening! *How* could Mrs. Cumberland so far forget the fitness of propriety as to allow him to take tea with her—to invite him, no doubt—when she knew that by so doing he must also take it with Ellen Adair?

It might have come to a question of which would have sat out the other—for Mr. Seeley detected somewhat of the feelings of Arthur Bohun's mind, and resented them, considering himself as good a man as he, in regard of possessing the same right to a chance of woman's favor—but for the entrance of Dr. Rane. Dr. Rane appeared to have no present intention of leaving again: for he plunged into a hot discussion with his brother practitioner touching some difficult question in surgery, which seemed quite likely to continue all night; and Arthur Bohun rose. He would have remained on willingly: but he was ever sensitive as to intruding, and he fancied Mrs. Cumberland might wonder why he stayed.

As he went out, Francis Dallory and his sister were passing on their walk homeward. Captain Bohun turned with them, and went to the end of the Ham.

The shades of evening—nay, of night—had stolen over the earth as he went back; the light night of summer. The northwest was bright with its blue-green tinge of opal; a star or two twinkled in the heavens. Dr. Rane was pacing his garden walks, his wife on his arm.

"Good-night, Bessy," he called out, to her whom he had always regarded as his step-sister.

"Good-night, Arthur," came the hearty rejoinder—for Bessy had recognised his voice.

Onwards for a few steps—only a few—and it brought Arthur Bohun level with the window of Mrs. Cumberland's drawing-room. It was not yet lighted. At the window, their heads nearly close together, stood the other doctor and Ellen Adair. In Captain Bohun's desperate anger, he stared Ellen full in the face, and made no movement of recognition. Turning his head away with a contemptuous movement, quite plainly discernible in the dusk, he went striding on.

Shakspeare never read more truly the human heart, than when he said that jealousy makes the food it feeds on. Arthur Bohun went home nearly mad; not so much with jealousy in its narrow sense, as with indignation at the doctor's most iniquitous presumption. Could he have analysed his own heart in due fairness, he would have found full trust in the good faith of Ellen Adair. But he was swayed by man's erring nature, and yielded to it wilfully.

How innocent it all was! how little suggestive of fear, could Captain Bohun but have read events correctly. There had been no invitation to tea at all: Mr. Seeley had gone in just as they began to take it, and was offered a cup by Mrs. Cumberland. As to the being together at the window, Ellen had been standing there to catch the fading light for her wool work, perhaps as an excuse for leaving him and Mrs. Cumberland to converse alone; and he had just come up to her to say good-night as Captain Bohun passed.

If we could but divine the real truth of these fancies when jealousy puts them before us in its false and glaring light, some phases of our lives might be all the happier. Arthur Bohun lay tossing the whole night long on his sleepless pillow, tormenting himself by wondering what Ellen Adair's answer to Seeley would be. That the fellow in his audacity was proposing to her as they stood at the window, he could have sworn before the Lord Chief Baron of England. It was a wretched night; his tumultuous thoughts were fit to kill him. Arthur had Collins's "Ode to the Passions" by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed,
Sad proof of thy distressful state.
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed:
And now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate."

CHAPTER XX.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

The early sunshine is a great purifier. Fancies find but little room in the matter-of-fact bustle of everyday life. When Arthur Bohun rose, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no fear existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason told him. He wanted to see her: for *that* his heart was always yearning; but on this morning, when, as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's after breakfast; but his spirit was a little rebellious yet, and kept him back. He'd not show his impatience, he thought; he'd not go down until the afternoon; and he began to resort to all kinds of expedients to kill the earlier time. He walked with Richard North the best part of the way to Dallory; he came back and wrote to his aunt, Miss Bohun; he went pottering about the flower-beds with Mr. North. As the day wore on towards noon, his restless feet betook him to Ham Lane—which the reader has not visited since he saw Dr. Rane hastening through it on the dark and troubled night that opened this history. The hedges were green now, blooming with their dog-roses of delicate pink and white, redolent with the perfume of sweet-briar. Captain Bohun went along, switching at these same pleasant hedges with his cane. Avoiding the turning that would take him out into Dallory Ham, he continued his way to another lane, less luxurious, more rare; the lane that ran along the back of the houses of the Ham, and which was familiarly called by their inhabitants "the back lane." Strolling onwards, he had the satisfaction of finding himself passing by the dead wall of Mrs. Cumberland's garden, and of seeing the roof and chimneys of her house. Should he go round and call? A few steps lower down, just beyond Dr. Rane's, there was an opening that would take him. He had told himself he would not go until the afternoon; and now it was barely twelve o'clock: should he call, or should he not?

Moving on, in his indecision, at a slow pace, he had got just opposite Dr. Rane's back garden door, when it suddenly opened, and the doctor came forth.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, rather surprised at seeing Arthur Bohun there. "Were you coming in this way? The door was bolted."

"Only taking a stroll," carelessly replied Captain Bohun. "How's Bessy?"

"Quite well. She is in the dining-room, if you'll come in and see her."

Nothing loth, Arthur Bohun stepped in at once, the doctor continuing on his way. Mrs. Rane was darning stockings. She and Arthur had always been the very best of friends, quite brother and sister. Meek and gentle as ever, she looked, sitting there with her smooth, curling hair, and the loving expression in her mild, soft eyes. Arthur sat down and talked with her; his glance roving ever to that other house, seeking the form of one whom he did not see.

"Do you know how Mrs. Cumberland is this morning?" he inquired of Bessy.

"I have not heard. Mr. Seeley has been there; for I saw him in the dining-room with Ellen Adair."

Arthur Bohun's pulses froze to ice. Figuratively speaking, his golden hair bristled up, stiff and straight.

"I think they are both in the garden, now."

"Are they?" snapped Arthur. "His patients must get on nicely, if he idles away his mornings in a garden."

Bessy looked up from her darning.

"I don't mean that Seeley's there, Arthur: I mean Mrs. Cumberland and Ellen."

As Bessy spoke, Jelly was seen to come out of Mrs. Cumberland's house, penetrate amidst the trees, and return with her mistress.

"Some one has called, I suppose?" remarked Bessy.

Captain Bohun thought the gods had made the opportunity for himself expressly. He went, out, stepped over the small wire fence, and disappeared in the direction that Mrs. Cumberland had come from, believing it would lead him to Ellen Adair.

In the secluded and beautiful spot where we first saw her (but where we shall not often, alas! see her again) she sat. The flowers of early spring were out then; the richer summer flowers were blooming now. A natural bower of roses seemed to encompass her about; the shrubs clustered, the trees o'ershadowed her overhead. The falling cascade was trickling softly as ever down the artificial rocks, murmuring its monotonous cadence; the birds sang to it and to each other from branch to branch; glimpses of the green lawn and of brilliantly-hued flowers were caught through the trees. Ellen Adair had sometimes thought the spot beautiful as a scene of fairyland. It was little less so.

She was not working this morning. An open book lay before her on the rustic table.

Her cheek was leaning on her raised hand, from which the wrist-lace fell back; a hand so suspiciously delicate as to betoken some lack of sound strength in its owner. She wore a white dress with a bow of pink ribbon at the throat, and a pink waist-band. There were times, and this was one, when she looked extremely fragile.

A sound as of footsteps. Ellen only thought it was Mrs. Cumberland returning, and read on. But there was a different sound in *these* steps as they gained on her ear. Her heart stood still, and then bounded on again with a tumultuous rush, her pulses tingled, her sweet face turned red as the blushing rose. Sunshine had come.

"Good-morning, Miss Adair."

In a cold, resentful, haughty tone was it spoken, and he did not attempt to shake hands. The sunshine seemed to go in again with a sweep. She shut her book and opened it, shut and opened it, her fingers fluttering. Captain Bohun put his hat on the seat.

"I thought Seeley might be here," said he, seeking out a pretty rose, and plucking it carefully.

"Seeley!" she exclaimed.

"Seeley. I beg your pardon: I did not know I spoke indistinctly. SEELEY."

He stood and faced her; watching the varying color of her face; the soft blushes going and coming. Somehow they increased his anger.

"May I ask if you have accepted him?"

"Ac—cepted him!" she stammered, in wild confusion. "Accepted what?"

"The offer that Seeley made you last night?"

"It was not last night," she replied in a confused impulse.

"Oh. Then it was this morning! May I congratulate you? Or not?"

Ellen Adair turned to her book in deep vexation. She had been caught, as it were; deluded into the tacit admission that Mr. Seeley had made the offer. And she was hurt at Arthur Bohun's words and tone: had he no better trust in her than *this?* As she turned the leaves of the book backwards and forwards in her agitation, as if seeking for some particular page, the plain gold ring on her finger attracted his sight. He was chafing inwardly; but he strove to appear at the most careless ease, and sat down as far from her as the bench allowed. Which—seeing that it would only hold two stout people—could not be very far.

"I'd be honorable if I died for it," he remarked with indifference, sniffing at the rose. "Is it quite the thing for you to listen to another man while you wear that ring upon your finger?"

Ellen took it off and pushed it towards him along the table.

This frightened him: he turned as white as ashes. Until this, he had only been speaking in jealousy, not in belief. Her own face was becoming white, her lips were compressed to hide their trembling. And thus they sat for a minute or two, like the two simpletons they were. He looked at the ring, he looked at her.

"Do you mean it, Ellen?" he asked, in a voice that struggled with agitation, proving how very earnest he deemed the thing was becoming—whatever it might have begun in.

She made no answer.

"Do you wish to give me back this ring?"

"What you said was—I thought—equivalent to asking for it."

"It was not. You know better."

"Why are you quarrelling with me?"

Moving an inch nearer, he changed his tone to gentleness, bending his head forward to speak.

"Heaven knows that it is bitter enough to do so. Have I cause, Ellen?"

Her eyes were bent down; the color stole into her face again; a half smile parted her lips.

"You know, Ellen, it is a perfectly monstrous thing that a common man like Seeley should dare to cast his aspiring thoughts to you."

"Was it my fault?" she returned. "He ought to have seen that—that—I should not like it."

"What did you tell him?"

"That it was quite impossible: that he was making a mistake altogether. When he was gone, I complained to Mrs. Cumberland."

"Insolent jackanapes! Was he rude, Ellen?"

"Rude! Mr. Seeley!" she returned in surprise. "Quite the contrary. He has always been as considerate and respectful as a man can be. You look down on his position, Arthur, but he is as complete a gentleman in mind as you are."

"I only despise his position when he would seek to unite you to it."

"It has been very wrong of you to make me confess this. I can tell you *I* am feeling anything but 'honorable'—as you put it just now. There are things that should never be talked about; this is one. Nothing can be more unfair."

Very unfair. Captain Bohun's high-class feeling had come back to him, and he could but assent to it. He began to feel a little ashamed of himself: on more points than one.

"It shall never escape my lips, Ellen, while I breathe. Seeley's secret is safe, for me."

Taking up the ring, he held it for a moment, as if examining the gold. Ellen rose and went outside. The interview was becoming a very conscious one. He caught her up near the cascade, took her left hand in his, and slipped the ring upon her finger.

"How many times has it been off?" he asked.

"Never until to-day."

"Well, there it is again, Ellen. Cherish it still. I hope—I hope—that ere long—"

He did not finish: but she understood quite well what he meant. Their eyes met; and each read the impassioned love seated within the other; strangely pure withal, and idealistic as ever poet painted. He strained the hand in his.

"Forgive my petulance, my darling."

Save for the one sweet word and the lingering pressure of the hand, save that the variegated rose was transferred from his possession to hers, the interview had been wholly uncharacterized by the fond signs and tokens that are commonly supposed to attend the intercourse of lovers. Captain Bohun had hitherto abstained from using such—and perhaps heaven alone knew what the self-denial cost. In his ultra-refined nature he may have deemed such would be unjustifiable, until he could speak out openly and say, Will you be my wife?

"What is your book, Ellen?" he asked, as she returned to take it from the table.

"Longfellow."

"Longfellow! Shall I read it to you? can you stay out?"

"I can stay until one o'clock: luncheon time."

They sat down and he began: "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The blue sky shone down upon them through the flickering leaves, the cascade trickled, the bees hummed in the warm air, the white butterflies sported with the buds and flowers: and Ellen Adair, her hands clasping that treasure they held, the variegated rose, her eyes falling on it to hide their happiness, listened in rapt attention, for the voice was sweeter to her than any heard out of heaven.

The words of the poet—not Longfellow, as we all know—most surely were applicable to this period of the existence of Captain Bohun and Ellen Adair. One of them at least would acknowledge it amidst the bitterness of after life.

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned
it in his glowing hands,
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands."

It could not last—speaking now only of the hour. One o'clock came all too soon; when he had seemingly read but ten minutes; and Miles Standish had to be left in the most unsatisfactory state. Ellen rose: she must hasten in.

"It is a pity to leave it at this," said Arthur. "Shall I come and finish it in the afternoon?"

Ellen shook her head. In the afternoon she would have to drive out with Mrs. Cumberland.

Captain Bohun went home through the green lanes, and soon found himself amidst those other flowers—Mr. North's. That gentleman came forth from his parlor to meet him, apparently in some tribulation, a letter in his hand.

"Oh, Arthur, I don't know what to say to you; I am so sorry," he exclaimed. "Look here. When the postman came this morning, I happened to be out, and he gave me my two letters, as I thought, and as he must have thought, going on to the hall door with the seat. I put them in my pocket, and forgot them, Arthur: my spectacles were indoors. When I remembered them only just now, I found one was directed to you in Sir Nash's hand. I am so sorry," repeated poor Mr. North in his most helpless manner.

"Don't be that, sir," replied Arthur cheerily. "It's nothing; not of the least consequence at all," he added, opening the letter. But nevertheless, as his eyes fell on the contents, a rather startled expression took his face.

"There!" cried Mr. North, looking inclined to cry. "Something's wrong, and the delay has done mischief."

"Indeed nothing's wrong—in the sense you are thinking," repeated Arthur—for he would not have added to the poor old man's troubles for the world. "My uncle says James is not so well as he could wish: he wants me to go up at once and stay with them. You can read it for yourself, sir."

Mr. North put on his glasses. "I see, Arthur. You might have gone the first thing this morning, but for my keeping the letter. It was very stupid of the postman to give it me."

Arthur laughed. "Indeed I should have made no such hurry. There's not the least necessity for that. I think I shall go up this afternoon, though."

"Yes do, Arthur. And explain to Sir Nash that it was my fault. Tell him that I am growing forgetful and useless. Fit only to be cut down, Arthur; to be cut down."

Arthur Bohun put the old man's arm affectionately within his, and took him back to his parlor. If Mr. North had grown old it was with worry, not with years: the worry dealt out to him daily by Madam; and Arthur would have remedied it with his best blood, had he known how.

"You had better go up with me, sir; for a little change. Sir Nash would be so glad to see you."

"*I* go up with you! I couldn't, Arthur; I am not equal to it now. And the strike is on, you know, and my place ought to be here while it lasts. The men look upon me still as their master, though Dick—Dick acts. And there's another thing, Arthur—I couldn't leave my roses just as they have come into bloom."

Arthur Bohun smiled: the last reason was all cogent. Mr. North stayed behind, and he went up that same afternoon to London.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ To preserve cut flowers, it is necessary to cut a piece off the stalks daily and renew the water.

☞ All our treasured traditions it seems are to be disbelieved. One after another has its verity attacked. The latest attack is on the story that John Randolph, on his death-bed, in this city, wrote "remorse," on a card. Prof. Parsons, of Reading, says he wrote "R. Morse," and referred to a person who was attending him.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 13, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 20 Machine, price $85. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

No contest of a decisive character—such as it is impossible for either side to lie out of its true shape—has yet occurred on the battle ground of Europe.

France claims a victory at Saarlouis, which probably does not amount to much, and Prussia at Weissenberg, at which the Prussians claim to have killed Gen. Douay, and taken 800 prisoners. We are inclined to consider the Prussian account reliable in the main, because Paris was greatly excited at the "repulse" of the French troops; and the Paris telegrams say the French troops "retired."

It is announced from London that England has determined to consider the invasion of Belgium—by either party, we suppose—a just cause of war. Therefore her position may be defined as the champion of Belgium against anybody or everybody. France it is, however, that most covets Belgium—Prussia's eyes being turned more towards Holland.

The Paris *Gaulois* asserts that the Austrian Ministerial Director Klazeke saw the Emperor recently at Metz, and announced that Austria and Italy had formed an alliance which was favorable to France. Perhaps.

Everything is preparing for a great and decisive conflict. And as behind each great army is a great nation, mad with pride and passion, it may take several great battles before the lightnings of war have sufficiently spent themselves to allow the black clouds to roll aside, and disclose once more the calm blue heaven of Peace.

POSTSCRIPT.

A Prussian Victory.

We stop the press to announce that Gen. McMahon's division was defeated by the Prussians on the 6th, with a loss, it is said, of 8,000 prisoners and 30 cannon. The French line is being re-formed for the defence of Paris.

☞ Some years ago a numerous company of distinguished guests often met in a villa belonging to a Spanish family, close to the Seine at Passy. The Duchess was a most agreeable hostess, and her two daughters, like a double magnet, attracted all hearts. Louis Napoleon came frequently to the villa at Passy. It was soon remarked that the chief object of his visits was the elder daughter of the house. The Princess Eugenie herself perceived this, but at first her Spanish pride induced her to reject the President's attentions. But the Prince must have possessed something of his uncle's conquering talent, for one evening, at a brilliant assembly at the Duchess's, Eugenie appeared in an exquisite "violet toilette"—violets in her hair, violets looping up her dress, and the historical, significant bouquet of violets in her hand. The Prince understood this language of flowers—the Princess had accepted his offer of marriage.

☞ There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a young lady. "A gentleman," says she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

Homeward from the Pacific Coast.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, July, 1870.

How different was my Omaha experience in my homeward journey from that when going West. Then cloud, storm and unlucky detention—now pleasant brightness and sunshine. As we skirted the city to the ferry we found only what was smiling and attractive in the surroundings. My companions seemed inclined to laugh at me for the dolorous account I had given them of my previous adventures in Omaha, but I begged them to reserve their merriment as they might chance on their way back to encounter an experience similar to that I had related to them in punishment for their non-belief. I assured them that were they detained twenty-four hours in Omaha during a rain-storm they would learn that no description could possibly exaggerate realities, and so, too, I assure you, dear reader.

The ferry-boat bore us over the broad Missouri, and upon landing I found my name booked as usual for all necessary accommodations, with polite officials ready to receive my orders that I might have no trouble in looking after anything myself. The Oregon party were inclined to think I must have a magic wand under my control to make all things work so smoothly and pleasantly—they had far more annoyance in travelling than I had, they said. The whole secret of my magic wand, however, was the "open sesame" of the telegraphic orders from headquarters at San Francisco, dictated by kind friends that especial attention should be bestowed upon me.

Having the old German gentleman's comfort to see to—that is having been led by circumstances to constitute myself his especial care-taker—I took the opportunity of giving his orders to agents and conductors when they came for mine. Thus so far the poor lonely soul was no trouble to me, although he was receiving advantages which evidently led him to think his lines had fallen in pleasant places. He was, indeed, so very grateful for every attention that I was much touched; and in fact the interest of our whole party became more and more aroused in him. There was a certain child-like simplicity about the old man's demeanor, and he talked so pleasantly and sensibly about life, his travels, etc., that he proved a great source of interest to both me and my companions, to whom I was, of course, called upon to interpret nearly all he said.

The tickets of our party chanced to be nearly all for the "Chicago and Northwestern" route from this point, although some of those who had joined us later took the "Chicago and Burlington," others the "Chicago and Rock Island." There is tremendous rivalry between the first and last-mentioned of these roads. I have tried both and must admit that, although as far as the country traversed is concerned, both are equally pleasant, the "Chicago and Rock Island" is by far the most ably and honorably managed. Coming home I was particularly disgusted with the Northwestern Company for attaching to the train a sumptuous restaurant car, because the other roads have this accommodation, then sending it back after one meal to practise a similar hoax upon the next set of passengers. I did not much care for my part, as it gave me my first opportunity of sitting down to table on board cars. I enjoyed the arrangement vastly well, too, for the neat little tables, just large enough to accommodate four, were clean and well appointed, the cooking really admirable. Great was our disappointment next morning to find ourselves obliged to eat breakfast at a station once more.

The bluffs between the Missouri river and the thriving town whose name is partly derived from them, were clad in freshest verdure; and, in fact, the entire valley of the Missouri was at this season (the last of May) more even than usually gladdening to the eye. Night closed in all too soon upon us, so refreshing had we found the scene; but early next morning we were ready for new enjoyment. All morning we passed through the wondrously rich Iowa prairie lands, until at Clinton we passed the Mississippi bridge and entered the equally rich Illinois prairies. What a marvellous country ours is, and how it makes one's heart glow with pride to view these mighty stretches of rich and cultivated lands! I was so charmed, too, with the neat, thriving towns we passed, and with the smiling, comfortable farm-houses throughout the country. One thing struck me singularly, however, that was the trees upon the route. Why, the tallest of them looked diminutive to me after the California giants. My friends had told me I would find it so, but I positively had not realised it until now.

At Chicago I parted from my Oregon party; they were bound for New York *via* Cleveland and Buffalo, I for Cincinnati *via* Lima. After they had left me I found I would be obliged here for the first time to go to the baggage-room myself to see to my baggage. Of course my old German charge had to be taken along. And here came my first annoyance with him which came about as follows:—Being a very *careful* traveller it is always my practice to write down the number of my trunk-check in case of losing or mislaying it. At Chicago merely having a check given me for the transit across the city I had neglected my usual precaution. Imagine then my dismay when my charge, fearing I might forget him, stole up behind me and slipped his check into my hand with my own. Not knowing which was which I found matters grievously complicated for me by this proceeding. By searching out the trunks I got it straight at last, but it cost me $3 00 as I will explain.

Upon leaving California, I had discarded various articles that would otherwise have filled up my enormous Saratoga, to make room for as many as possibly could be stowed away of the curiosities I had accumulated during my stay. I had Chinese curiosities, Indian traps, grand specimens of petrifactions, gold in cement, gold-bearing quarts, copper-bearing quarts, crystalizations, pine cones from nineteen inches to two feet in length, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. It nearly broke my heart to leave a whole roomfull of carefully chosen wonders behind me; yet the *few* articles selected, brought my trunk to the modest weight of two hundred and fifty pounds. Of course, to Omaha I payed out a young fortune for over-freight, the charge being fifteen cents *per* pound for everything over one hundred pounds. But extra freight is seldom charged east of Omaha—I paid nothing to Chicago, and should, probably, have paid nothing thence onwards had not the agent's attention been called to my trunk in settling matters for me and the old German. "Sakes alive!"

cried he, to a comrade, "that trunk's a heavy 'un! Bill, let's weigh it." Suiting the action to the word, with many groans they worked it up on to the scales. Then, after indulging in numerous exclamations of wonder, interlarded with just a few oaths to rest them after the lift, I suppose, the head man informed me, that deeply as he regretted having to trouble me about over-weight, as this was certainly an unusually heavy trunk he would be compelled to charge me—$3. I payed the sum without any grumbling, for from all the excitement I should not have been surprised had triple the sum been named.

Next I had to see the old German provided with suitable accommodations in the Silver Palace cars; and here the good old creature first comprehended that he must complete his journey alone. We started in the same train, "Pittsburg and Fort Wayne"—I, in the car that turned off the main route at Lima—he, in one of those that went directly through to New York. "*Mein Gott!*" he exclaimed, in his native tongue, "what will become of me?" I explained to him that I had checked his baggage all the way through, that he would have no further change of cars, so need only keep his seat, getting out for meals when the others did, until his son met him at the New York *depot*. Nevertheless he seemed disconsolate, and our leave-taking was a most solemn one. He kissed my hand after the old-time courtly fashion, assured me that Heaven would reward me for my kindness to him, that the words of an old man were true, the Bible said so, (I wish some one would inform me in what part of the Scripture the assurance can be found;) and, therefore, I might believe him when he told me that when I was seventy-four years of age, I would find some one to be kind to me when I was travelling alone. It was a beautiful thing to be old, he said, every one was kind to an old man, he had proved it on this journey. Finding that this parting scene was attracting no little attention from those around, I hastened, though not unkindly, to cut it short, took my own seat—and ere long we were underway once more. I have often wondered how the old gentleman made out during the rest of his journey.

And now we come to the moral of the story, which would answer admirably well, I think, for a good little Sunday-school book. I did not have to wait until I was seventy-four years of age for my reward—it was immediate, and came about in the following way. Pretty soon after the train had started, a delicate, consumptive-looking girl came on board the car as agent for a life insurance company—having also with her a basket of vegetable-ivory ornaments for sale. Her pale, worn face and hollow cheeks attracted me; I made some purchases and had quite a little talk with her. After she went out, an elderly gentleman, who sat opposite me, leaned over and informed me that this delicate-looking young girl had been travelling up and down that road for three years; that she had an invalid sister and aged mother to support; and in her own state of health could probably have kept up under no other employment than that which gave her such constant change of air and scene.

This led to a conversation, in the course of which I chanced to mention the name of the uncle I was going to visit in Cincinnati. "Oh," remarked the stranger, "we Cincinnatians all know Dr. W——, he is one of our standard men." Then he inquired if my relatives knew I was coming. I told him I had telegraphed, and expected my uncle or one of my cousins to meet me at the *depot*. "Should they chance not to receive the telegram," said he, "do not hesitate to call upon Mr. N—— for any assistance you may require. I am old enough to be your father, you see." I thanked him very much, but assured him even were no one at hand to meet me, I could get along very well, and would hate to trouble him. "Now look here," said he, "I happened to be witness of the whole series of scenes at the Chicago *depot* between you and the old German, and I think you deserve to have some one to look after you."

Next morning at 8:30 A. M., when we reached Cincinnati, I found to my surprise that not a soul awaited me. It turned out afterwards, by the way, that the gentleman to whom I had entrusted my dispatch had kindly abbreviated it, that it might cost me less, and so rendered it totally unintelligible to my anxious relatives. Mr. N—— kindly saw to my *light little* trunk, and provided me with conveyance to my uncle's office. And so it was that I was not compelled to wait until I was seventy-four years of age to reap my reward.

Once amongst my relatives all was explained about the non-appearance of escort at the *depot;* the carriage was summoned, and I was carried off to the country-seat of East Walnut Hills, where a warm, hearty welcome, and a pleasant week's visit awaited me. This was the morning of the sixth day from leaving California. I have always admired the Walnut Hill neighborhood, but during this last visit I was more than ever charmed with it. I hardly can tell where a greater number of elegant, well kept country-seats, with palatial dwelling-houses, charming lawns and well-trimmed hedges could be found than here and at Clifton, distant but a few miles. With charming walks and drives, together with endless talking and merry-making with my relatives, the allotted week sped swiftly by, and I set forth for home with the young sister who had come out thus far to meet me.

Friday was the day set for our departure. With the characteristic obstinacy of my disposition I cannot help running contrary to popular prejudices, and frequently amongst other desperate things choose Friday for a starting point. I left home for California on a Friday, many trips taken while in that state were undertaken upon that day, and upon the same day I started away from the golden land. All these journeys had been lucky ones; not so did it seem was this last Friday journey destined to be.

We had taken our tickets for the "Pan Handle" route, that having been recommended to us as the safest, swiftest and pleasantest. Everything promised us, in fact, a fair journey until we were stowed away in our sleeping berths for the night. Then came a whole chapter of petty disasters which seemed to stop the train, or slacken our speed half-a-dozen times an hour. At one place the road was moistened by recent heavy rains, owing to which some detention was caused, at another our progress was impeded by some stones on the track, at yet another the altering of a switch had been neglected, and was discovered just in time to prevent our being hurled over an embankment. But the saddest story is yet to be told. An innocent cow had laid itself down for a peaceful slumber upon our track, little dreaming of the untimely end that awaited it ere morning dawned. Borne onward by the relentless and now impatient fury of our iron steed, we ruthlessly slaughtered the unsuspecting creature, and tossed it from our path—yes, and came pretty near being tossed off ourselves.

And so it went until we reached Steubenville at midnight, where a telegram awaited our train, announcing the caving-in of a tunnel upon our road, with admonitions that we should take a circuitous accommodation road that would finally land us in Pittsburg, as would the road we were then travelling upon. The result was that not only were we thus carried fifty miles out of our way, but that to avoid collision with other trains we were obliged to stop at every station, every turn off, every sign post, it seemed to me. Instead, therefore, of reaching Pittsburg before daylight, it was well on to ten o'clock in the morning before we were hurrying from the cars there for our late breakfast; and then, not until the last moment could we learn what were our prospects for making an immediate connection to proceed onwards.

Here I cannot avoid remarking that west of the Rocky Mountains every official upon the road seems well posted and wide awake. Every man seems fully to know his own business, and take interest in making himself acquainted with all matters that can possibly come under his observation. In our Eastern country, and especially east of Chicago, one finds a marked difference. No one seems to care for anything beyond his own narrow routine, nor to know vastly much about that. Consequently in case of accident no one can tell where to gain any definite information. That whole day in traversing the state of Pennsylvania we only knew what we were doing from station to station, no one seemed to have authority to telegraph beyond, or if it was done the conductors knew nothing about it. We reached Philadelphia at 11.30 P. M. instead of 7 P. M. when we were marked due, and up to a couple of hours before we came to our journey's end we passengers could find no one who seemed able to inform us when we would be likely to do so. It would not have been thus in the great western country.

It rained violently all the time we were crossing the Alleghanies, which invested the scenery with a certain wildness that pleased me. I enjoyed the abundant points of interest and beauty vastly well, the rich and varied foliage attracted me, the foaming mountain streams delighted; but when I heard those around me discussing "fearful precipices," "mighty chasms," etc., then it was I found myself drawing comparisons with the immensity of Sierra magnitudes. Yet, as I remember once before observing, one should not draw comparisons between our great mountain ranges; all differ, yet each is beautiful and marvellous in its way.

After all these busy wanderings it will not be very possible to settle down long to be at rest. Soon again, in spite of myself, I shall be up and away. Whither I shall next bend my footsteps I cannot tell, but unless it be to the moon, or planet Jupiter, or some other remote sphere my Post friends will doubtless hear from me again.

AUBER FORESTIER.

☞ If married lives are short in Indiana the inhabitants have a good many of them. There is an old fellow of eighty who has just taken as his sixth wife a lady aged fifty-five, who has had one or more husbands before her present.

☞ One of our friends had company a few evenings since, when the euphony of different languages—particularly the German—was discussed. A little ten-year old boy put in his oar thus: "Ma, I can talk Dutch." "You talk Dutch, George?—let us hear you." The young hopeful promptly gave a specimen of his lingual quality as follows: "Who's pin here since I'se pin gone?"

☞ OPALS.—I have often heard, while residing in Germany and in Spain, that all stones with an opalline light in them are reckoned unlucky to the wearer; but the popular superstition in Germany is that opals are a preservative against poisons, and that the wearing of all cat's-eye stones or chrysoberyl is good for the eyesight.—*Miss S.*

☞ FAITH AND WORKS.—Faith and works were well illustrated by a venturesome little six-year old boy who ran into the forest after a team and rode home on the load of wood. When asked by his mother if he was not frightened when the team came down a very steep hill, he said, "Yes, a little, but I asked the Lord to help me, and *hung on like a beaver.*"

☞ It is said that a man who was staying at one of the Cape May hotels recently, woke up one morning and couldn't find his pillow anywhere. Just as he was about giving up the search, he put his hand to his head and found that the pillow had got jammed into his ear. The regulation allowance at a Cape May hotel is one feather for a pillow and two for a bolster.

☞ A PERSONAL PRIVILEGE.—Among the personal priviliges which nature has accorded to woman, there are surely none more enviable, says Wilkie Collins, "than their privilege of always looking their best when they look at the man they love."

☞ Peter Cartright, the noted Methodist preacher, spoke at Dubuque, Iowa, a few days ago, and a paper of that city remarks: "It was a strange sight, and one we may never expect to see again, to behold a man in the pulpit before us who was 84 years old, and had been 80 years a citizen of the West, and who, 60 years ago, crossed the Mississippi where is now St. Louis. He preached in the state of Illinois when Chicago was unknown, and he has spent 60 years in the saddle riding through the great West."

☞ A story is told of a jolly fellow who resided in Chicago about four years, and while on an Eastern visit was asked how he liked the water out West. "By George, Mr. Jones," said he, after a moment's reflection, "I never thought to try it!"

☞ The cost of mining and loading the ore on the cars at the iron mines of Missouri is estimated at ninety cents per ton. It brings $5 50 per ton at St. Louis, and after deducting the freight, $1.90 per ton, a profit of $2 70 per ton is realized.

☞ A man passed through Council Bluffs, Iowa, a day or two ago on his return to Missouri, after having tried to live in Minnesota. "Don't like up thar," said he. "Have nine months of winter, and the rest of the time it's blamed late in the fall."

☞ DIVORCE IN NEW YORK.—Chief Justice Chapman, of Massachusetts, testifies that having occasion to look up a divorce case in New York he "found thirty cases in consecutive order on the same docket, all entered by the same attorney, all referred to the same referee, all grounded upon allegations of adultery, all supported by the same witnesses, and all granted by the same judge, upon the same day!"

THE VULTURE'S CALL.

Come—sisters—come!
The din of arms is riding from the vale,
Bright arms are glittering in the morning sun
And trumpet tones are ringing in the gale!
Hurrah—hurrah!
As fast and far
We hurry to behold the blithesome game of War!

Haste—sisters—haste!
The drums are booming, shrill fifes whistling clear,
The scent of human blood is in the blast,
And the loud cannon stuns the startled ear.
Away—away!
To view the fray,
For us a feast is spread when Man goes forth to slay.

Rest—sisters—rest!
Here on these blasted pines; and mark beneath
How war's red whirlwind shakes earth's crazy breast
And cumbers it with agony and death.
Toil, soldiers, toil,
Through war's turmoil,
We Vultures gain the prize—we Vultures share the spoil. —*Punchinello.*

Poisonous Hair Dyes and Cosmetics.

Several cases of lead palsy having been traced to the use of a cosmetic called the "Bloom of Youth," the Board of Health of New York directed Dr. C. F. Chandler, its chemist, to make an analysis of the various toilet preparations in general use. He gives an analysis of sixteen different hair dyes, all but one of which contain lead in varying proportions. The following statement from the official report shows the grains of lead contained in one fluid ounce of each:—

1. Clark's Distilled Restorative for the Hair,	0.11
2. Chevalier's Life for the Hair,	1.02
3. Circassian Hair Rejuvenator,	2.71
4. Ayer's Hair Vigor,	2.89
5. Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative,	3.22
6. Dr. J. J. O'Brien's Hair Restorer of America,	3.36
7. Gray's Celebrated Hair Restorative,	3.79
8. Phalon's Vitalia,	4.09
9. Ring's Vegetable Ambrosia,	5.00
10. Mrs. L. A. Allen's World Hair Restorer,	5.57
11. L. Knittel's Indian Hair Tonique,	6.29
12. Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer,	7.12
13. Dr. Zebbett's Physiological Hair Regenerator,	7.44
14. Martha Washington Hair Restorative,	8.80
15. Singer's Hair Restorative,	10.89

Six Lotions or washes for the complexion were analyzed, in none of which poisonous metals were found, excepting Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which contained both Mercury and Zinc. Seven Enamels for the skin were examined, three of which contained carbonate of Lead, or White Lead. These were "Eugenie's Favorite," "Snow-white Enamel," and "Snow-white Oriental Cream." Seven white powders for the skin were examined, which were found to be as harmless as any other form of dirt. The Report concludes as follows: "It appears from the foregoing, 1. The Hair Tonics, Washes and Restoratives contain lead in considerable quantities; that they owe their action to this metal, and that they are consequently highly dangerous to the health of the persons using them.

2. With the single exception of Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which contains corrosive sublimate, the Lotions for the skin are free from lead and other injurious metals.

3. That the enamels are composed of either the carbonate of lime, oxide of zinc, or carbonate of lead suspended in water. The first two classes of enamels are comparatively harmless, as harmless as any other white dirt when plastered over the skin to close its pores and prevent its healthy action. On the other hand, the enamels composed of carbonate of lead are highly dangerous, and their use is very certain to produce disastrous results to those who patronize them.

4. The white powders for the skin are harmless, except in so far as their application may interfere with the healthy action of the skin."

This report is so eloquent in facts that it it unnecessary to add any comments. If people will dye their hair and bedaub their skins, it is well to know the nature of the materials they are using.

To See Down a Well.

The Journal of Agriculture suggests an excellent plan for exploring the bottom of a well:—"It is not generally known how easy a matter it is examine the bottom of a well, cistern, or pond of water, by the use of a common mirror. When the sun is shining brightly, hold a mirror so that the reflected rays of light will fall into the water. A bright spot will be seen at the bottom, so light as to show the smallest object very plainly. By this means we have examined the bottoms of wells fifty feet deep, when half full or more of water. The smallest straw or other small objects can be perfectly seen from the surface. In the same way one can examine the bottom of ponds and rivers, if the water be somewhat clear, and not agitated by winds or rapid motion. If a well or cistern be under cover, or shaded by buildings, so that the sunlight will not fall near the opening, it is only necessary to employ two mirrors, using one to reflect the light to the opening, and another to send it down perpendicularly into the water. Light may be thrown fifty or a hundred yards to the precise spot desired, and reflected downward. We have used the mirror with success to reflect the light around a field to a shaded spot, and also to carry it from a south window through two rooms, and then into a cistern under the north side of the house. Half-a-dozen reflections of the light may be made, though each mirror diminishes the brilliancy of the light. Let any one, not familiar with this method, try it, and he will find it not only useful, but a pleasing experiment. It will perhaps reveal a mass of sediment at the bottom of a well that has been little thought of, but which may have been a fruitful source of disease by its decay in the water.

A MISSISSIPPI WEDDING.—JACKSON, August 4.—An unusual event occurred here last night in the marriage of the Hon. A. T. Morgan (white), a distinguished Republican Senator in the Mississippi Legislature, to Miss Carrie Highgate (colored.) The ceremony was performed by a colored minister, and the couple left immediately for Cleveland, Ohio. Morgan's former home was Louisville. The affair naturally creates a sensation in the community. Morgan is a lawyer of some ability, of temperate habits, and was colonel of a Michigan regiment during the rebellion. The bride is of a decidedly dusky hue.

☞ Preventive against sunstroke—a cabbage-leaf worn in the hat. Where a hat is entirely filled with a cabbage, no danger need be apprehended.

☞ Returns of the election in North Carolina indicate that the Democratic ticket, headed by Shipp, Democratic candidate for Attorney General, is elected. It is also reported that the Conservatives elect a majority of the State Legislature and five out of eight Congressmen. Two of the Congressmen are chosen for the 41st Congress.

☞ A robust hod-carrier in New Hampshire, recently carried a barrel of flour from the sidewalk to the third story of a new building, and returned with it upon his shoulder to the street. All hod-carriers, however, are not such great fools as this one.

☞ At most of the summer hotels, the unmarried ladies are largely in excess of the unmarried men.

☞ A French writer says there are but four great social ideas, viz., birth, marriage, Paris, and death.

☞ A placard in a west-end saloon, informs all comers that no religious discussion is permitted there. The proprietor wants peace.

☞ "Don't you think Mr. Proay a speaker of great power?" asked a gentleman, in reference to a pompous, long-winded lecturer, who spoke in a high-keyed, drawling voice. "Yes, high-drawl-ic power," was the reply of the person addressed.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls at $5@5.75 for superfine; $6@6.25 for extra; $6.75@7.50 for Northwest extra family; $7@8 for Penna family; $7@7.50 for Ohio family; $7@7.50 for Indiana family, $8@9 for fancy brands. Rye: 250 bbls sold at $6.12½@6.25.

GRAIN—40,000 bus new Indiana and Ohio red at $1.55@1.60; 4000 bus new Penna at $1.58@1.60; 5000 bus new Delaware at $1.40@1.50; 2000 bus new Indiana white at $1.60@1.65, and 6000 bus old Penna and Western red sold at $1.60@1.62 ₩ bus. Rye: 50,000 bus Western at $1@1.05 for mixed, and $1.04@1.06 for yellow; 30,000 bus prime Penna and Delaware yellow at $1.08@1.09. Oats: 75,000 bus sold at 60@64c for old Penna; 58c for old Western, and 51@55c ₩ bus for new Delaware and Western.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $21@21.25. Mess Beef sells at $21@22. Beef Hams are quoted at $28@30 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 23@24c; Excelsior hams at 25c; sides at 18@18½c, and shoulders at 15@16c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 20@21½c, and shoulders in salt at 14c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 17@17½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 18c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 23@28c; very choice do 30c; choice New York tub at 28@30c; Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 12 to 18c. Cheese—Sales at 14@14½c. Eggs sell at 22@23c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—380 bales of middlings sold at 30c for uplands and 30½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans, closing at 29½@29¾c ₩ ℔.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is held at $30 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Peaches and Apples—we quote Apples at 4@5c, and Peaches at 6@7c for quarters, 7@8c for halves, and 17@20c for pared.

FEATHERS—Prime Western at 75@80c ₩ ℔.

HOPS—We quote New York at 16@25c, and Wisconsin at 10@15c ₩ ℔.

IRON—Sales of No. 1 at $32, and No 2 at $31. Bar Iron is quoted at $62@65 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed we quote at $5.50@9. 250 bus Timothy sold at $6@5.25. Flaxseed sells slowly at $2.25@2.30 ₩ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3050 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₩ ℔. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₩ ℔. 2000 Hogs sold at from $13.50 to 14.00 ₩ 180 ℔s.

Interesting to Ladies.

"After trying the Grover & Baker and other machines, side by side, I purchased the Grover & Baker, which I have used now for almost two years with entire satisfaction, both to myself and customers. I most earnestly recommend others who want a good reliable family sewing machine to buy a Grover & Baker."—*Mrs. Louisa Ireland, Milliner, Lewisburg, Pa.*

If it is Thrown in your Teeth

That you do not keep your dental apparatus in proper trim it is your own fault, for all the world knows that you might do so by using the matchless vegetable dentrifice SOZODONT.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," cheap, convenient and useful. Mends everything.

Cheap Luxuries for the People.—Opportunely, at the time when the cost of living is enormous, a new article appears in the market, affording an unprecedented amount of delicious and wholesome aliment, almost for a song. We refer to the patent SEA MOSS FARINE, which is now, by virtue of its extraordinary cheapness, taking the place of all the gelatinous articles of food manufactured from maize and grain. The raw material of this nutritious and fattening agent is the free gift of nature: a marine moss growing in prodigious quantities on the Irish Coast, and known as Carrageen. Cleansed, desiccated, concentrated and reduced to powder by a patent process, this wonderful plant yields a larger quantity of pure, palatable aliment in proportion to its weight, than any substance produced from the great agricultural staples. Artistic cooks pronounce it the finest article for custards, puddings, creams, soups, sauces, &c., that has yet been discovered, and the Sea Moss Farine Co., of New York, who own the patent, find it all they can do to keep pace with the demands for new staff of life.

NO EXCUSE FOR GRAY OR BALD HEADS.

Life. LONDON NO ONE WHO PRIZES GOOD LOOKS SHOULD NEGLECT TO USE THIS THE MOST PERFECT HAIR RESTORER AND BEAUTIFIER EXTANT.

Growth.

Beauty to the Hair. HAIR COLOR RESTORER

Differs utterly from all others, being clear and richly perfumed. Not sticky or gummy. Soils nothing. Price 75 cents. All druggists and dealers in Toilet articles sell it. Address orders to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philada. aug13-cow1f

What Did It?—Lyon's Kathairon made my hair soft, luxuriant and thick, and Hagan's Magnolia Balm changed that sallow complexion into the marble beauty you now see. This is emphatically the language of all who use these articles. A fine head of hair and a refined complexion are the greatest attractions a woman can possess. The Kathairon and Magnolia Balm are just what will give them to you, and nothing else will. The Balm is the bloom of youth. It makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. Both articles are entirely harmless, and very pleasant. They should be in every lady's possession. aug6-4t

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, Harp, upon the Piano, Organ, Guitar and descriptive information will please apply for circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale New London Co., Conn. jy2-2m

Music Vale Seminary

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 54 Front St., New York.

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Sinking Slowly.

Diseases that progress rapidly to a crisis are not the only ones to be dreaded. Canker or dry rot does not blast a tree as suddenly as a stroke of lightning, but unless arrested, it destroys it as certainly; and in like manner chronic debility, although it does not kill with the swiftness of yellow fever, is as sure to sap the springs of life eventually as any acute disease, if not checked by invigorating medication. There is something inexpressibly touching in the spectacle of premature decay. Languor, pallor, emaciation, depression of spirits, and a distaste for exertion, are its ordinary symptoms, and they should be promptly met by tonic treatment. The best invigorant and exhilarant that can be administered in a case of this kind is HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The stimulating principle of the preparation rouses the dormant energies of the system, and the strengthening and regulating properties give a permanent and healthful impulse to the vital forces thus brought into play. The failing appetite is re-awakened, the process of digestion and assimilation are quickened, the quality of the blood is improved, the secretions become more natural, and every organ that contributes to the nourishment of the body undergoes salutary change. By these means the repair of the physical structure is effected and its health and vigor restored. In no class of diseases has the beneficient operation of the Bitters been more marked and striking than in those characterized by general debility and nervous prostration. Ladies affected with these ailments find in this most wholesome of all tonics and correctives the safest and surest means of relief. It is strong to restore and powerless to injure. Such is the uniform testimony of "clouds of witnesses." aug6-4t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm or leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of July, by the Rev. M. H. Sisty, Mr. LEWIS L. ANDREWS to Miss ALICE A. GILBERT, both of this city.

On the 27th of July, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. ROBERT B. GALLOWAY to Miss MARY S. DOUGLASS, both of this city.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. G. W. KOONS to Miss MARY C. MCCUNE, both of this city.

On the 24th of July, 1870, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., BENJAMIN F. BANGER to CLARA MARLY, both of this city.

On the 15th of July, by the Rev. Geo. Bringhurst, F. S. DAY to Miss E. BEATTY, daughter of E. H. Beatty, both of this city.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. James E. Smith, Mr. WILLIAM E. FRITZ to Miss LIZZIE MCKEE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, THOMAS S. WILNS, in his 28th year.

On the 1st instant, RACHEL JOHNSON, in her 77th year.

On the 3d instant, JAMES L. ELDER, in his 39th year.

On the 31st of July, GEORGE BARNES, Sr., in his 63d year.

On the 31st of July, CATHARINE G. CAMPBELL, aged 36 years.

On the 31st of July, ELIZABETH SHOEMAKER, in her 58th year.

On the 30th of July, EMANUEL RHOADS, aged 54 years.

On the 29th of July, SARAH ROBINSON, aged 36 years.

On the 26th of July, MRS. HANNAH FISHER, in her 71st year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

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And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 ☞ subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

The Sting of the Nettle.

From Professor Huxley's now celebrated lecture on the Physical Basis of Life, three editions of which have been published by the *College Courant*, of Yale, we extract an interesting microscopic study:

The common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs which cover its surface. Each stinging-needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates, and breaks off in the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitues a kind of bag, full of a limpid liquid, and roughly corresponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a cornfield. But, in addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly, the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and, thus, there is a general stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and, sometimes, trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions, within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seem to lie in contractions of protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects, and not themselves.

The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the miscroscopic hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city.

THERE is no greater mistake in social life than indulging in over-familiarity. Intercourse, even between intimate friends, should have some dignity about it. Cowper, in his poem entitled "Friendship," says on this point:

"The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back,
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that you had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it."

Our young folks should copy this verse into their scrap-books; and some of a larger growth are advised to "read, mark, and inwardly digest the same."

BABY'S RIGHTS.

Her platform is only the cradle—
Her speeches are funny and few—
A wise little head,
But all that is said
Is only a vague little "goo!"

But how baby's rights are respected!
One nod of her dear, downy head,
Whenever she thinks she's neglected,
And down at her feet we are led.

She lifts up her voice in a minute—
Her protests are loud and long!
Each household affair she is in it,
To see there is nothing goes wrong.

The right to twist limbs that are dimpled,
In every extravagant way:
To maul and to tease
The cat at her ease—
To crow and creep all the day.

The right to a love that is purest—
The right to a mother's own love!
The right to a guide that is surest
To lead her woe footsteps above.

Her sweet little mouth she upraises,
As pure as a rose, dew imparled!
The right to our kisses and praises
O, these are her rights, over the world!

The Mother of Napoleon III.

On a mild October evening, not soon to be forgotten, a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen gathered in a railway car far out on the western Plains. Among them were representatives from nearly every state in the Union, scions of French and English aristocracy, wanderers from the utmost parts of the earth; men who had distinguished themselves in the field, the cabinet and the forum; capitalists who controlled millions; authors who had gained a world-wide fame; scholars whose profound learning had adorned the nation which gave them birth—a delegation, in short, which might fairly be considered as an illustration of the culture, the energy, the progressive genius of the nineteenth century. The occasion which had brought them together was worthy of their presence. They had that day participated in the ceremonial which marked the completion of a grand national enterprise to a point where its future success was reduced to a mere question of time; they had seen the locomotive cross the one-hundredth meridian, and heard its shrill scream of triumph break the primeval solitude and silence of that vast waste which stretches between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains; they had penetrated to the very heart of the continent, assisted at the betrothal of the Atlantic and Pacific, and joined in anticipating the glorious results which must follow the consummated nuptials. And now, the excitement over, they were whiling away the twilight hours in social intercourse, but the event they had just witnessed seemed to overshadow them with its magnitude and significance, and in spite of all efforts by the leaders of the circle the conversation dragged heavily, and would have ceased altogether had it not been for a fortunate circumstance. The door opened, and a gentleman entered the car who was evidently a stranger to all but one or two of the party, but these recognized and saluted him at once, and begged his aid to dissipate the atmosphere of dullness which prevailed. He cheerfully consented; an arm-chair was drawn into the centre of the saloon, and Professor W., taking his stand behind it, announced his readiness to test the science of phrenology by practical experiment upon any who chose to submit their heads to his manipulation. Never, certainly, was there better materials, for the variety and quality of brains in that little group would have delighted the soul of Spurzheim himself. One and another, all, however, unknown to the professor even by name, underwent an examination, and he delineated their characters even to the minutest peculiarities with a most wonderful fidelity—making not a single mistake in his mental diagnosis, if the evidence of the subjects themselves is to be relied upon. There was one feature of these examinations which attracted decided attention and gave rise to much comment. Not a single man of note in any profession, whether soldier, statesman, financier, writer, philosopher or inventor, that was not at once pronounced to be, in the words of the phrenologist, "his mother's child." The slightest touch of the fingers upon the cranium appeared to reveal this curious fact, and then would come the measured phrases—"I do not know this gentleman, who he is or what he is, but I am sure that whatever he has been or may be, he owes primarily to his mother. He is emphatically her child, and bears the stamp of her moral and intellectual nature upon his soul." In every instance the verdict of the professor was endorsed by the individual.

Without accepting all the teachings of phrenology as absolutely correct, we are inclined to believe that in this case it revealed a great truth. We believe if it were possible to investigate the history and parental antecedents of the great men of every age and race, it would be found that the large majority of them inherited their mother's traits, and derived from her the abilities which make them famous.

Washington was pre-eminently his mother's child, and whatever was noble, unselfish and heroic in him, he inherited from that woman who was fit to be a Roman matron when Rome produced demigods. Napoleon was the off-spring of Letitia Ramolini, rather than of her amiable husband, Charles; and the unchanging devotion and respect which he lavished upon her through life, and the tributes he paid her memory when she was dead, are proofs that he recognized and was proud of the fact. The nephew of Napoleon sits on the throne of France, and after a successful reign of twenty years, which has given him a glory that no subsequent reverse can utterly efface, has begun a war which may make him master of Europe or consign him to an exile as ignominious as that of St. Helena. The checkered career of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—his early obscurity and folly, his many failures, his unyielding confidence in his own destiny, and the tremendous game on which he has now staked the fortunes of his empire and his dynasty, all combine to make him one of the most remarkable characters that has ever appeared upon the stage of human affairs. What and how much of the past, the present and the possible future does he owe to his mother? Josephine Rose Tascher was a French creole, born on the island of Martinique. At the age of fifteen she was betrothed to the Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais, a French nobleman of wealth and high social position, who had met her while on a visit to his colonial estates. Tradition says that Josephine was at the time deeply attached to a young man whom she had known from childhood; that a partial engagement existed between them which was to terminate in marriage as soon as he had completed his studies in Paris. During his absence Beauharnais arrived, became desperately enamored, and proposed for her hand. She was disposed to reject him, and did indeed discourage his addresses, but her uncle and guardian was flattered with the brilliant match thus offered his penniless niece, and urged her acceptance. Relatives and friends joined their importunities, every argument likely to flatter the pride and ambition of a young and unsophisticated woman was brought forward, and the natural and general result in such cases followed. She consented to discard the man she loved, because he was poor, and to marry the man she did not love, because he was rich. Crossing the ocean in 1776, Josephine took up her residence in Paris, pending the arrangement of the coming nuptials. Here, it is said, she met her abandoned lover, and the old emotions which she thought and hoped were dead and buried, revived in full force; but she had gone too far to retreat, and after an interview in which agony and remorse drove her to the verge of madness, the final parting came. For three months she sought refuge in the convent of Panthemont, striving to forget her unavailing sorrow amid the quiet surroundings and religious influences of cloister life. In 1770 she was married; in 1781 her first and only son, Eugene, was born, and on the 10th of January, 1783, her first and only daughter, Hortense. Beauharnais was no better and no worse than the majority of titled Frenchmen of his day, but he did not appreciate his wife, indulged in every species of fashionable dissipation, and love soon vanished from the unhappy household to return no more. Writing to an intimate friend in Martinique, poor Josephine says:

"Were it not for my children, I should renounce France without a pang forever. My duty requires me to forget William. And yet if *we* had been united together, I should not now be troubling you with my grief."

By an unlucky chance the husband saw this letter, and a stormy scene ensued, which ended in a temporary separation. Taking Hortense, then but three years old, the almost broken-hearted woman returned to her island home, and there remained for several years, living in closest seclusion upon her plantation. Meanwhile Beauharnais was smitten with repentance, and urged his wife to forgive him his manifold transgressions and rejoin him. She consented, not for his sake however, but for the sake of her son, who pleaded piteously for a mother's care and affection. She landed in Paris in 1789, when the Revolution was beginning to throw its terrible shadow over France, and before that shadow had departed it had robbed her of her husband. Beauharnais was guillotined in July, 1794, and Josephine herself was only saved from sharing the same fate by the fall of Robespierre. In March, 1796, she married Napoleon Bonaparte, and thenceforth her history is blended with that of the last of the Cæsars. Hortense, then thirteen years of age, was placed at the celebrated school of Madame Campan, in Company with Napoleon's sister Caroline, afterward the wife of Murat and Queen of Naples. Here she remained until she had completed her education, winning the love of her teachers and class-mates by a simple, unaffected modesty of demeanor, and bright and cheerful temper, which never deserted her through all the changes and bitter trials of a weary and wretched life. The Duchess D'Abrantes gives in her sparkling "Memories" the following sketch of Hortense Beauharnais at eighteen:

"She was as fresh as a rose, and though her fair complexion was not relieved by much color, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty. A profusion of light hair played in silky locks round her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her slender figure was set off by the elegant carriage of her head. Her feet were small and pretty; her hands very white, with pink, well-rounded nails. But what formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners. She was gay, gentle, amiable. She had wit which, without the smallest ill-temper, had just enough malice to be amusing. A polished education had improved her natural talents. She drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. I have seen many princesses, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I have never known one who had any pretensions to equal talents."

The nearest and most unselfish friend Napoleon ever had was undoubtedly Michael Duroc, grand marshal of the palace under the empire, and Duke of Friuli. He fell at the battle of Bautzen, May 23, 1813, and the Emperor never recovered from the blow which his loss inflicted. He speaks tenderly of him in the St. Helena memoirs, and one of the largest legacies left in his will was to the daughter of the man who had loved him so well and served him so faithfully. When Hortense entered society Duroc was a rising young general of twenty-nine, handsome, brave, and already distinguished. The pair were necessarily thrown much in each other's company, and love sprung up between them as naturally as flowers leap from the earth to welcome the smiles of the sun. They would have married but for Josephine. She had long since given up all hopes of having a child herself, and believed that if a union could be effected between Napoleon's brother Louis and her daughter, the offspring would be adopted by Bonaparte and recognized as heir apparent. Napoleon was not unconscious of her plans, and according to Aourtienne once remarked:

"Josephine labors in vain. Duroc and Hortense love each other, and they shall be married. I am attached to Duroc. He is well born. I have given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Le Clerc. I can as well give Hortense to Duroc. He is as good as the others. He is General of Division. Besides, I have other views for Louis."

But Josephine succeeded, nevertheless, and the marriage occurred in 1802. Louis, in his memoirs, says:—"Never was there a more gloomy wedding. Never had a husband and wife a stronger presentiment of a forced and unsuited marriage. Before the ceremony, during the benediction, and ever afterwards, we both and equally felt that we were not suited to each other."

The couple were mutually wretched from the outset, and neither the persistent efforts of Napoleon and Josephine, nor the birth of children, could ever bring them into harmony. They finally separated, and after the banishment of Napoleon, in 1815, Hortense retired to Switzerland with her youngest son, the present Emperor of the French, and devoted all her time and care to his education. To her he owed that thorough mental discipline, that courage in adversity, that indomitable will, that fixedness of purpose, that faith in the Napoleonic star, which have accompanied him through poverty and distress, sorrow and disappointment, imprisonment and exile, and placed him at last upon the proudest throne of Europe. He, in return, repaid her with a love amounting almost to idolatry, and when in 1837 the tidings reached him in New York that she lay on the point of death at Arenemberg, he hastened across the sea to her side, and arrived just in time to close her eyes. She recognized him, threw her arms about his neck, whispered a mother's last blessing upon his lips, and died.

To-day, as the French soldiers are marching towards the Rhine, the bands of every regiment are playing the melody which Hortense, in her happier hours, composed; and it is the son's affection for the mother which is translated in "Partant pour la Syrie."

Emerson on "Old Age."

Under the general assertion of the well-being of age, we could easily count particular benefits of that condition. It has weathered the perilous capes and shoals in the sea wherein we sail, and the chief evil of life is taken away in removing the grounds of fear. The insurance of a ship expires when she enters the harbor at home. It were strange if a man should turn his fiftieth year without a feeling of immense relief from the many dangers he has escaped. When the old wife says, "take care of that tumor on your shoulder, perhaps it is cancerous," he replies, "I am yielding to a surer decomposition." The humorous thief who drank a pot of beer at the gallows blew off the froth because he heard it was unhealthy; but it will not add a pang to the prisoner marched out to be shot to assure him that the pain in his knee threatens mortification. When the pleuro-pneumonia of cow raged, the butchers said that, though the acute degree was novel, there never was a time that this disease did not occur among cattle. All men carry seeds of all distempers through life latent, and we die without developing them; such is the affirmative force of the constitution; but if you are enfeebled by any cause, some of these sleeping seeds start and open. Meantime, at every stage we lose a foe. At fifty years, 'tis said, afflicted citizens lose their headaches. I hope this *hegira* is not as movable a feast as that one I annually look for, when the horticulturists assure me that the rose-buds in our gardens disappear on the 10th of July; they stay a fortnight later in mine. But be it as it may with the sick headache—'tis certain that graver headaches and heartaches are lulled once for all. The passions have answered their purpose; that slight but dread overweight, with which, in each instance, Nature secures the execution of her aim, drops off. To keep man in the planet, she impresses the terror of death. To perfect the commissariat, she implants in each a certain rapacity to get the supply, and a little over-supply of his wants. To insure the existence of the race, she re-enforces the sexual instinct, at the risk of disorder, grief, and pain. To secure strength, she plants cruel hunger and thirst, which so easily overdo their office, and invite disease. But these temporary stays and shifts for the protection of the young animal are sold as fast as they can be replaced by nobler resources. We live in youth amid this rabble of passions, quite too tender, quite too hungry and irritable. Later, the interiors of mind and heart open, and supply grander motives. We learn the fatal compensations that wait on every act. Then, one after another, this riotous, time-destroying crew disappear.

I count it another capital advantage of age that a success more or less signifies nothing. Little by little it has amassed such a fund of merit that it can very well afford to go on its credit when it will. When I chanced to meet the poet Wordsworth, then sixty-three years old, he told me that he "had just had a fall and lost a tooth;" and when his companions were much concerned for the mischance, he had replied that he was glad it had not happened forty years before. Well, nature takes care that we shall not lose our organs forty years too soon. A lawyer argued a case in the Supreme Court, and I was struck with a certain air of levity and defiance which vastly became him. Thirty years ago it was a serious concern to him whether his pleading was good and effective. Now it is of importance to his client, but of none to himself. It has long been already fixed what he can do and cannot do, and his reputation cannot gain or suffer from one or a dozen new performances. If he should, on a new occasion, rise quite beyond his mark, and achieve somewhat great and extraordinary, that, of course, would instantly tell; but he may go below his mark with impunity, and people will say "O, he had a headache;" or "He had lost his sleep for two nights." What a load of appearance, what a load of anxieties that once degraded, he is thus rid of! Every one is sensible of this cumulative advantage in living. All the good days behind him are sponsors, who speak for him when he is silent, pay for him when he has no money, introduce him where he has no letters, and work for him when he sleeps.

A VIENNA journal relates a strange, sad story, which carries with it a moral. In that city there is a young man eighteen years old, who at the age of six was a fine sprightly boy. One day some little beggars of about his own age came into the yard of his home, and he ran to his father to ask him for a few coppers to give them. The father was busy, and told the child not to trouble him; but the little fellow, whose sympathies were excited, eagerly persisted, and at last the father struck him a sudden and passionate blow. The boy staggered and fainted, and afterward complained of a violent pain in his head. The next day it was discovered that he had become, in one night, both deaf and blind from the effects of the blow. The father was so overwhelmed with remorse that he fled to the Wallachian forest, where he was killed by robbers. The boy's mother, who yet lives, is the only person who can communicate with him, for gradually as he grew up, the power of speech left him. Every effort of physicians to restore his hearing has been in vain.

☞ Jules Janin, the feuilletonist of the Paris Journal des Debats, has struck for a doubling of his present salary, $1,000 a week.

☞ An old bachelor says that women are like parrots—they are willing to be caged up if they only have a ring to play with.

"DER DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND."

The patriotic national song, which we hear at all the German mass meetings, was written by Ernst Moritz Arndt, who was born December 26, 1769, at Schoritz, in the island of Rugen, and who died, not many years ago, at Bonn. He was also author of the drinking song, beginning

"Of fire was the mind created,
Then fill the goblet with sweet fire;"

and of a favorite German legend in verse, "Der Knabe und die Jungfrau."

American readers will be interested in a translation of "The German's Fatherland;" and perhaps, if we introduce it with the first verse, in the original, to show the metre, it will be better:

"Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Preussenland? Ist's Schwabenland?
Ist's wo am Rhein die Rebe glüht?
Ist's wo am Belt die Meve zieht?
O nein, O nein, O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grosser sein!"

Where is the German's fatherland?
Is't Swabia? Is't the Prussian's land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea-gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
Oh no! more great, more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria, or the Styrian's land?
Is't where the Marser's cattle graze?
Is it the Mark where forges blaze?
O no! more great, more grand,
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Westphalia? Pomerania's strand?
Is't where the sand wafts on the shore?
Is't where the Danube's surges roar?
O no! More great, more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Say how is named that mighty land!
Is't Tyrol? Where the Switzers dwell?
The land and people please me well.
O no! More great, more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fotherland?
Say how is named that mighty land!
Ah! Austria surely it must be,
In honors rich and victory.
O no! More great, more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Say how is named that mighty land!
Is it the gem which princely guile
Tore from the German crown erewhile?
Oh no! More great, more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Name me at length that mighty land!
"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung,"
Be this thy land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths are sworn but by the hand,
Where faith and truth beam in the eyes,
And in the heart affection lies.
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath the Southron's guile doth brand,
Where all are foes whose deeds offend,
Where every noble soul's a friend.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be the land!

All Germany that land shall be;
Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we,
With German hearts, in deed and thought,
May love it truly as we ought.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be the land!

Summer Drinks.

No beers, or wines, or brandies—nothing alcoholic! They are carbonaceous, and increase the heat and fever of the system; they clog up, instead of lighten; they debilitate instead of giving strength. The tendency of the system in all lands, in summer, is to biliousness—to bilious diseases: we call them fevers. This is because we eat more than we wear out or work out by exercise or labor; hence, the body becomes too full. The great scavenger or emptier of the body is the liver; it is like the pump in a sinking vessel: you must keep it at work, or all is lost. As warm weather renders us incapable of doing as much work in summer as in winter, and as work was intended, in part, to work out the waste of the system, some substitute must be provided, some compensating power. That power is the liver. It must be made to do more work in summer, and a beneficent Providence has made provision for this in sending us the berries and fruits of warm weather, which contain an ingredient (the acid) which, after six thousand years, the French found out has its efficacy towards cooling off the body by acting on the liver—having an effect upon it to make it work more actively, and thus more promptly remove the bile, which is the waste matter of the system, from the blood. Everybody knew that fruits and berries were cooling were "healthy;" but how they were, was not definitely known until within a very few years. The wisdom and benevolence of our Maker in this thing, surely will command our affections, in that He has provided these fruits and berries in such generous profusion, and combined a necessary quality with such a delicious taste, that every soul of man is perfectly ravenous for them, and we can eat them, without harm, to our utmost fill, if ripe, raw, and perfect, and taken alone.

In the absence of fruits and berries, we may obtain the needed natural acid from the lemon, diluted with water; but the most universally available acid drink for summer, as a natural aid to the liver, is buttermilk, not an ounce of which should ever be wasted, to be taken at meal times, or between meals when thirsty.

For the harvest field, buttermilk is the safest, most healthful, and cooling of summer drinks, to be taken at the temperature of the air. If a mouthful is swallowed at a time, with a distinct interval, the thirst will be better satisfied with a quarter of a pint, than if a whole cupful is taken without being removed from the lips.

A palatable and safe summer drink for out-door workers is water, of the natural temperature, sweetened with molasses. All root beers are pernicious, for, being without appreciable nutriment, they cannot add to the strength of the body, and their value is deceptive.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A SUMMER DAY.

Sunshine over the meadow lands,
Kissing the crimson clover,
And sunshine haunting the lily cups
That the yellow bees hung over.
And sunshine over the hazy hills
And over the dimpling river,
And I wished that the sun and the summer day
Might shine and last forever.

We walked down by the meadow path,
The broad highway forsaking,
For the quiet of that lovely spot
Seemed better for our love-making.
And I was silent and she was shy,
As we walked down through the clover;
But we thought it the sweetest summer day
That ever the sun shone over.

We heard the birds in the waving grass,
As they twittered to each other
About the nests they had hidden away—
And the coo of each glad bird-mother.
And we thought, as we walked that summer day
Through the clover blooms together,
That at last the world was in perfect tune,
In the glad, bright summer weather.

I cannot tell what I said to her,
As we walked knee-deep in clover;
But I know that the robins merrily sang
Their sweetest of sweet songs over.
And down in my heart love's own bird sang
A song that was gladder, sweeter,
And its echo joined with the world's sweet hymn,
And made the day completer.

And when we came up the meadow path,
Our hearts sang over and over:
"Oh, sweet, glad day for blossom and bird,
And for every blythe young lover!"
And yet I know not the words she said,
Or whether she spoke at all;
But of all sweet days, that summer day
I count as the best of all.

SISTER DIANA.

BY W. A. THOMPSON.

I was plodding home from church one dull Sunday last spring, while my niece, Hester, walked lightly beside me, skimming over the muddy spots on the tips of her bronze boots. She always lifted her feet as if they were shod with those little wings which sculptors carve on the heels of Mercury.

Judge Clifton drove by us with his son, and I saw the latter touch his father's arm to make him observe us. He stopped at once, and said in that cordial tone which had always made music in my ears:

"Let me drive you the rest of your way, Miss Prudence."

We had not many steps more to our house, but Hester had been lifted into the carriage by Edward Clifton without waiting for my yea or nay.

"Well, little Hester, I suppose this dull weather makes you home-sick for the city."

"No, indeed. I could live in Weston forever. We had a splendid time Tuesday, and I have lived upon it ever since."

She was going on. I knew her next words would refer to the "Shaker village," which she had visited on that day. People always pitched upon that subject with Judge Clifton, as if it were his fate to hear nothing else. One can never have a tender spot, but it would seem as if every child had a pin wherewith to probe it. I flashed a black look at Hester and squeezed her hand hard. In an instant she had tossed her handkerchief out of the window, and while Edward ran back to get it, we reached our own door in silence. That girl is not as others in "the rosebud garden of girl." She is only sixteen, and I would match her for tact with Madame de Maintenon.

"What in the world," began Hester, when she had a chance; but I said it was a long story, and I would tell it to her some time.

The evening proved rainy, and I knew from the careful way in which Hester swept the hearth, and enticed the fire into a brilliant glow, that she meant to hear the story before she went to bed.

"A clear fire and a clean hearth," are as necessary to my comfort as to that of the late Mrs. Sarah Battles, when she entered on her favorite whist.

"Begin at the beginning, and tell me all about it, said Hester, clasping her arms about my knees, and laying her head upon them. Thus enticed, I entered at once upon the following narrative:—

I am quite sure nothing ever happened in Weston which stirred it to such a pitch of excitement as that Clifton trouble. It was not only a nine days' wonder, it took months for people to accept it as a fixed fact; and even now, when gossip is at a low ebb, it is raked out of the past and told over again, and many people think there will yet be a new and startling end to the story. I heard it first at the "sewing circle," and every woman of us held her breath to listen; not one was bold enough to say "I told you so," for though a "nameless longing and a vague unrest" had long been written on Mrs. Clifton's face, no one had ever translated it.

But I forget you have never seen the first Mrs. Clifton. She was painfully beautiful, like the Sistine Madonna, with eyes striving to look into Heaven, and not a bit of earthliness in them. She never was like other people from the beginning, and could not seem to give or receive the right hand of fellowship among them.

The widow Bourne came home from prayer-meeting one night, and found her, then only a few days old, in a basket on her door-step, well wrapped from the cold, but with no possible clue to her origin. The snow lay deep on the ground, but frozen so hard that no footprints were visible. A full moon, almost turning night into day, deepened the mystery, and seemed to prove that whoever left the child had felt secure from discovery.

The widow Bourne was a "lone, lorn woman," and took the baby to her heart as a godsend. In fanciful remembrance of coming in the moonlight, she called it Diana, and not "pale Dian" herself grew up to look more coldly pure. It was as if some cunning sculptor had breathed life into his masterpiece and forgotten to give it the color of life. Her pale yellow hair looked almost dark on the whiteness of her forehead. One thought of Undine and the White Lady of Avenel, and other ghostly women; one almost needed a dark background to see her at all.

Mrs. Bourne worked hard for her foster-child, and loved her as women always love that which costs them most trial; but Diana returned only the mechanical affection and obedience of an animal that is kindly treated.

I know no reason except the Mohammedan one, "it is written," that Edward Clifton should have fallen in love with this snow-maiden; the glamour came upon him in his boyhood, and grew with his growth.

The loveliest flowers and fruit were always on her desk in the great "courting-school," called "the Academy," where we were all educated.

A running fire of small sarcasms always connected their names, but these faintly-venomed points slid off from Diana's polished coldness, as if we had criticised a statue.

If she ever melted at all, it was under the sunny influence of Mary Sumner, a girl with an aspiring nose, eyes of no color, and every feature unreconciled to the rest; yet her plainness had a magnetic quality to draw all love, except that which she longed for most.

There is a freemasonry among women which teaches them each other's secrets—a power used sometimes for priceless comfort, but oftener for torture at slow fires. I don't know when it first dawned on me that not Lancelot nor another, but just Edward Clifton, would be Mary Sumner's "man of men" till the day of her death.

Who weileth love, must first have vanquished Fate,

sings Jean Inglow; but love is easily veiled from its object.

To Edward Clifton, there was but one woman in the world; all the rest were mere lay figures; and in the blindness peculiar to his sex, he took Mary for the confidante and helper of his wooing. I have no doubt that she gave him her best aid and counsel in the matter, crushing her own heart all the time in the high Roman manner. In some of these plain, warm-hearted women there is a talent for martyrdom, equalled only by some of those old saints who died for the faith.

Edward had another friend at court in the widow Bourne, but nothing ever moved Diana from her first gentle yet firm refusal to hear the subject of his love mentioned in her hearing.

Mrs. Bourne, forced to silence with Diana, did so dilate upon the subject with everybody else, that all Weston was committed to one side or the other.

To look at young Clifton was almost to love him; but Diana had never looked at him, or any other man, with womanly eyes. She had joined the church in her youth, though the elders shook their heads over her "experience," and no nun in her cell ever led a life of more ritualistic devotion than Diana in the last two years of her mother's life.

Edward had meantime graduated from college and the law-school, and had taken an office for himself in the city.

With every visit to Weston, he took care to renew his tacit attentions to Diana Bourne; but a devout Catholic might as well have prayed to the picture of his favorite Madonna with the hope of recognition.

The widow Bourne was a woman of extraordinary patience; she kept silence until she lay on her death-bed; then she sent for Edward, and placing Diana's hand in his, did so wrestle with her for the promise which would assure her of her darling's comfortable provision through life, that Diana yielded at last and gave the promise to marry him.

The betrothal had been too solemn to be evaded, and the wedding followed soon after. In the next year Mary Sumner lost father and mother, and the Cliftons gave her a warm invitation to live with them, but I could easily understand how impossible it would be for her, to endure life under their roof. To fill up her empty days, she began to teach school. As if this were not enough to ease her sore heart, she gradually took upon herself the duties without the dress of a Sister of Charity. She could teach all day and watch all night, and never seem conscious of fatigue.

Mr. Clifton spent a day or two with his parents every year, but his wife never came with him. They had been married seven years when he was appointed Judge, and came back to Weston to spend the rest of his life.

All who remembered Diana Bourne looked long at the graceful woman who walked up the aisle of our old church the first Sunday after her coming home.

She was still painfully beautiful, but the pain had deepened and darkened till the beauty was that of a lost spirit, not wicked, but despairing.

Mr. Clifton led a little girl by the hand, the image of himself, and it was he who lifted her to a seat, and kept her quiet with constant attention; the mother seemed unconscious of their existence.

Mary Sumner had one glimpse of her heart at this time, which filled her with the deepest pity.

"You ought to be very happy in your children," she said to Diana, when the nurse brought in the baby for her to see.

"Mamma is always saying her prayers; she don't care for us," said the little girl, suddenly leaving her play.

Diana's face flushed crimson, and then overflowed with tears.

"No; I am not happy in my children. I am unworthy of the care of their souls—and I count it a sin to have given them birth."

"I don't care for my soul if she would only love me," said the child, pitifully, as she turned again to her dolls.

"I ought to have been born in the Romish faith," said Diana; "I should have taken the veil and found the only happiness possible to me."

"One sometimes takes up a prickly duty and finds happiness on the other side of it. You cannot well be a Protestant nun."

"No; those old reformers made no provision for a temperament like mine."

"Because, happily, it is one in a thousand. I suppose old Luther thought with his countryman, that

—It is not serving God
To quit the laws of nature."

A visitor came in, and Diana's face returned in an instant to its usual strained composure.

It was the fashion of that summer to pretend that Weston was not rural enough, and to seek a lower depth of retirement. A favorite resort was the "Shaker village," twenty miles away. It was not a large community, yet exceedingly well to do in worldly gear.

The Shaker produce is always first in the market, and as they manufacture everything that they use, it would be a miracle if they did not grow rich faster than their neighbors. The principal building in *our* Shaker village was a large square house of gray stone, hewn by the brethren from one of their own quarries; it stood in a green field crossed with gravelled walks, leading to a pond several miles in length.

After a hot, dusty ride from Weston, the coolness of the stone house fell like a benediction on our party, which included the Cliftons, Mary Sumner, and a few more of the same clique.

We were met at the door by Sister Aurelia, a round, bustling old lady, who made us as heartily welcome as if all the Shaker settlement were her own farm. Her isolation from the world had never blunted the edge of her hospitality, and it was not the only proof of the shrewdness of "the elders," that she was made mistress of ceremonies in the only house to which strangers are admitted.

We went into a square room lined with wooden panels, having a floor white as scouring could make it, furnished only with a huge oaken table and plenty of rush-bottomed chairs, hard is the seat and perfectly uncompromising as to the back.

On our entrance another sister, who was braiding straw, turned a little more to the light and away from us.

My eyes were at once drawn to this silent figure, who seemed wholly intent on her work and took no part in the voluble attentions of Sister Aurelia. She wore the common dress of coarse gray flannel, cut after the most ungraceful fashion that it ever entered the mind of man to conceive.

This sister wore it with a certain natural grace, which made it a different costume from the one which clung so desperately to Sister Aurelia's plump figure. Her plain muslin cap projected beyond her face, so as to hide the profile, according to that wise Shaker by-law which holds that the sight of the feminine profile is a temptation to the unholy passion of love. This envious cap hid her face entirely, and I watched in vain for the slightest turn of her head.

"It's a master tedious ride from Weston out here any time, but especially in the middle of summer. Seems to me it's about time we had a spell of weather," said Sister Aurelia, with a rich laugh which told of good living and a contented mind.

My statue turned her head at last. "I have used all the braid you gave me for this straw, Sister Aurelia."

"There's some more in the third row, seventh drawer from the top, Sister Lois," said that notable housewife, as she straightway laid a hand on the right knob and drew out the braid.

One entire side of the room was lined with small drawers, unlabelled, and all containing material for women's work.

Sister Lois had that rare voice which, like a flute in full orchestra, would be audible above a chorus of multitudes. She glanced along our line, rested an instant on Mrs. Clifton, and then was silent and busy as before.

"The voice of St. Cecilia asking for her harp," whispered Mary Sumner. She must have been thirty, yet her skin had the delicate fairness of an infant, and a crimson spot burned on each cheek. I felt sure that in this silent woman lay material enough for the most ecstatic sainthood in the Romish calendar.

The narrow line of hair left visible by the cap of a Shakeress was of the light, shining brown which reminds one of amber; but the distinguishing mark of her face lay in the eyebrows and lashes, which were of a deep and heavy brown, many shades darker than her hair. Her eyes disappointed me; they looked dull and expressionless, of a shade between gray and amber.

I watched her till Sister Aurelia came to tell us that our rooms were ready; the others rose gladly, but I was spell-bound to the vicinity of Sister Lois.

"Don't trouble yourself, Diana; I will look to all your matters up-stairs. Sit here and rest till I call you," said Mary Sumner.

As Diana turned to resume her seat, Sister Lois looked at her with a sudden vivid flash in her eyes which gave the lie to my impression of dullness.

Diana drew near to her, as if by a will foreign to her own, and stood by her chair, watching her swift fingers.

"Do you like braiding straw?" she said at last.

"Not more than anything else," said Sister Lois, without looking up.

"Why do you do it, then?"

"Because it is work."

"But you might find more agreeable work."

"God has given us this world to work in continually, and not to question whether one thing is more agreeable than another. He gives us work to keep us from sin."

Something impelled me to say, "Did you always think so?"

She gave me one supercilious glance, as if she had forgotten my existence, a look learned and practised in far different scenes, and spoke no more except in monosyllables.

Diana looked interested, and I felt myself so much in the way that I made an excuse to join Mary up-stairs.

"Is Diana alone with that Sister Lois?" was Mary's emphatic question.

"Yes; *that* Sister Lois routed me with one look."

"She can't harm Diana, I suppose, but I have heard of her before. She has only lately come into Shakerdom, and has made a wonderful number of proselytes. A year ago, three young girls from the best families in Bofield ran away from home and joined the Shakers there. The blame fell on Sister Lois, and she found it expedient to leave that part of the country. That's why we have never seen her here before. In my opinion she's a regular Jesuit in the Shaker dress."

Mary bustled about and put everything to rights in the deft way peculiar to her, but she still looked disquieted.

"Prudence," she said at last, "I do wish you would go down and tell Diana the baby wants her."

I went down to the room where I had left them, but the only trace of either was the roll of unfinished braid hanging on Sister Lois's chair. I knew nothing of the other parts of the house, and we did not meet again until we were called to tea. Diana said that she had been to see the kitchen, and was very absent-minded all the evening.

Next morning Sister Lois was again braiding straw, rarely raising her eyes, which, by morning light, looked duller than ever. Mrs. Clifton sat near her, and they sometimes exchanged a look or word; but between the Shakeress and Mary Sumner a certain mutual antagonism had sprung up in a night.

I proposed to visit the school, and all joined me except Diana, who murmured something about the heat, and begged Mary to go with the children in her stead. Mary hesitated, but she could think of no earthly excuse for refusing, and we soon reached the little building where the boys are taught in winter and the girls in summer.

There was something ludicrous, and yet deeply pathetic, in the company of children of all ages who rose, one after another, to read aloud for our benefit. They all wore the straight skirt and close cap, which do not improve in miniature. Nellie Clifton, in her full muslin frock and bright ribbons, looked at them in a trance of wonder, unable to realize their affinity with herself as a part of childhood.

"Do you see that little one on the back seat?" whispered Mary. I followed her eyes, and saw a little fairy of a child scarcely four years old, who looked as if she had been dressed for fun in her grandmother's cap. Surely, I had seen that amber-colored hair and the thick, dark brows before, and I met confirmation in Mary's returning glance. The striking resemblance to Sister Lois could not be mistaken. We waited until the lessons were over, and then spoke to the little one, who was constantly breaking into merry laughter, to be as often hushed into silence by the prim little Shakeress who had her in charge.

"What is your name, dear?" Mary asked, in that winning tone which all children accept as the guarantee of a loving heart.

"Her name is Dorcas," said the elder one; and to all our questions she was ready with the straightforward answers that one can never find fault with, though they give no information.

She had the good-natured, stolid face which Shaker training seems to develop, and was evidently well drilled in the part she had to play before strangers.

We had walked on, hopeless of learning anything of Dorcas's history, when Mary's dress was suddenly twitched, and a sweet voice, the counterpart of Sister Lois's said:

"Let me go with you, pretty lady, please do. I'll be good—good as chestnuts, if you will."

"Dorcas, come back," called the elder girl.

"My name isn't Dorcas," said the little one pettishly; "my name is birdie, and darling, and beauty, and something else that papa called me, only I forget it; let me see—." But the elder one caught her roughly by the arm and dragged her away, before she could recall what had once been her name. The agony of childish distress in the little face roused Mary's righteous indignation, and she began eagerly to discuss a romantic plan for carrying off little Dorcas from her tormentors, forgetful of a certain long-eared "little pitcher" walking demurely beside us.

We found Sister Lois and Diana precisely as we had left them. Nellie began to tell her story of the school and Dorcas, when Sister Lois gave her one of those sudden vivid glances which had acted on Diana like a magnet on Diana like a magnet the day before.

Nellie went straight to her side, and asked, with the unequalled calmness of childhood, "Are you little Dorcas's mother?"

Sister Lois stooped to pick up a bit of straw (and it might have been the stooping which crimsoned her face;) then she said gravely, as if speaking to others than Nellie:

"This place is like the kingdom of Heaven; we neither marry nor are given in marriage. The children come to us sometimes with their parents, who cease to be fathers and mothers when they become Shakers."

"O dear," said Nellie, "I hope nobody will bring me here."

A great stone had been thrown into deep water, and we could only watch for the ripples, till Sister Aurelia relieved us all with the announcement of dinner.

She was a perfect type of Shaker prosperity, a walking advertisement of the good things which awaited those who should join the community. Her absolute contentment with her lot could not fail to entice those who find it hard to wrench the living which the world owes them out of its tight fist. She led us through the convenient kitchen and the cool bed-chambers, pointing out the creature comforts which the poorest might enjoy, with an unctuous satisfaction which insured her many proselytes.

Sister Lois was fitted to attract wholly different natures; young girls who are curious in human mysteries, and women disappointed in all that makes life worth living, were drawn to her by the history of passion written on her face, and of rest found at last in the strange union of material and spiritual elements in the Shaker creed.

Yet after all, it seemed to me as I watched her that it was not so much her so-called religion as the position it gave her for influencing others, that made her content in her low place. She grew more and more devoted to her creed, because every convert she made was an individual triumph.

We visited the school nearly every day afterward, but we never saw little Dorcas there, or anywhere in the grounds. I have faith to believe that sooner or later she found means to shed the unbecoming dress of that "most straitest sect," and to return to the world from which her mother had stolen her.

Each day at the Shaker village was a twin to every other. The spell of the Lotus-eaters was upon us; we had come into a land "in which it seems always afternoon," and we delayed week after week, until Mary's school was about to begin, and Judge Clifton insisted on the return of his family.

On the last evening we had planned a sail on the pond, and Mrs. Clifton showed actual pleasure in the idea; but at the last moment she pleaded a headache and stayed behind.

Mary would have remained to charm it away, but was repulsed almost coldly. We stayed late, fascinated by the starlit water: we could talk freely there, while everywhere else on Shaker ground a hidden ear seemed to be lying in wait for every word.

When Mary went up to her room, which opened into that of Mrs. Clifton, she heard the baby sobbing and moaning in a way that babies have when worn out with crying.

She listened a moment, but the sound continued, and thinking Diana must be sleeping heavily, she stole into the room. The nurse had returned to Weston the week before with Nellie Clifton, leaving the baby in its mother's care. The bed bore no marks of having been used by Diana, and the child was easily soothed in Mary's arms. She had risen to go back to her own room, when steps sounded in the passage; she recognized the peculiar tapping of the round heels with which shaker shoes are made, and as they neared the door and paused, a flute-like voice said, as if in answer to something said before:

"Be strong, and fear not. Help will be given thee for thy first duty."

Then the door opened and Diana came in with a light in her hand; she was the most impassible of women, but she started back with a stifled cry when she met Mary face to face.

"O Diana, where have you been?" said Mary, hurried into the most awkward of questions by the surprise.

"My headache grew so much worse here, that I went down for something to relieve it," said Diana in a faint voice, condescending to equivocate for the first time in her life.

Mary stood irresolute, casting about desperately in her mind for some wise saying, which might restore the old confidence between them.

"Don't let me detain you," said Diana, coldly; "my head is better, and I shall not leave the baby again. Good-night."

Thus dismissed, Mary went to her bed; but sleep was impossible. A dim foreboding of evil to come from Diana's contact with the unnatural influences of Shakerdom, which had been growing in her mind, now took color and shape.

Sister Lois had early perceived her dislike to her intimacy with Diana, and it had seemed to cease entirely in the last half of our stay.

Mary's suspicions had been almost shamed by the calm dignity of Sister Lois. Her first impulse was to confide her fears to Judge Clifton; but her natural delicacy made her dread meddling in a matter which affected the husband and wife alone.

"We go to-morrow," she thought, "and if Diana goes with us, all will be well."

Next day, Judge Clifton drove us all to Weston, and the parting between Sister Lois and Diana was that of strangers met for a day. We only noticed that Diana turned the conversation skillfully when it touched on the peculiar customs of the community we had just left.

Within a week from that time Mrs. Clifton disappeared from her home as suddenly and completely as if the earth had closed over her, and her husband's face had not altered a hair's breadth from the hard composure it had worn ever after his marriage.

Mary Sumner behaved like one distraught for a day or two, and then quietly let it be known that Mrs. Clifton had left her family to live with the Shakers. She was to have an allowance for her support, and at the end of a year, if she repented her choice, she might return to the world; if otherwise, she would join herself permanently to the society: all this with her husband's full consent. And at this aggravating point Mary put a "thus far and no farther."

"I shall not put you off like the rest," she said to me. "You know Diana's coming home with us made my mind easy. I thought she would have remained there then if she had meant to join the community; but Sister Lois understands her business better. If Nellie Clifton had stayed to the last, Diana would not have come away at all."

"How can you be certain of that?" I said, surprised at her intimate knowledge.

"She told me so herself. The first court day, Judge Clifton gave a dinner to some old friends at the hotel; it was to be a late sitting, and Diana chose that night to go away. I had stayed late in my school-room, and it was fully nine as I crossed the street where the Cliftons live. I had to wait a moment for a carriage to turn the corner. It looked like a home made farm wagon with three seats and drawn by a pair of heavy horses. A man was driving, and two women sat on the back seat.

"All at once it flashed upon me that the Shakers use such a wagon on market days; and while I watched on the corner it stopped at Diana's door.

"When I reached it, one woman was sitting still in the wagon; but I felt sure there had been two. The man stood guard on the doorstep, but I rushed in too suddenly for him to stop me, and was in Diana's room in time to hear the door bell which he touched by way of warning. Sister Lois met me with a look which was anything but Christian. I was too breathless to speak, and could only look on while she put some jewelry carefully into a box, and the box into a trunk which stood open beside her, before she uttered a word. Diana certainly would not need such gauds in her new position; but all is fish that comes to the Shaker net.

"She waited a moment longer in her unshaken coolness, as if inclined after all to take no notice of me.

"I made a step toward the inner room, and she spoke, to arrest me. 'Is it your habit, Miss Sumner, to rush into your friends' houses in this breathless way?' and the straight-robed Shakeress seemed to magnify into some haughty woman of the world, accustomed to question and command.

"She understood my temperament perfectly, for I have not a grain of self-assertion when one takes that tone with me. She pointed to the door, and I believe I should have gone away utterly crestfallen had not Nellie heard my step and ran into my arms from the inner room.

"'Oh, Auntie, Auntie!' was her joyful cry, 'I am so glad you have come. That woman says we are only going to drive; but I know better: she means to take me to Shaker Village and dress me like Dorcas—her little girl, you know.'

"Her words brought a hot flush into Sister Lois's face for the second time, and broke the spell she had wrought on me.

"Diana came to the door in bonnet and shawl, with the baby in her arms ready dressed for the night ride.

"At sight of me she looked as if she would fall; but Sister Lois caught her and drew her back into the bed-room. She spoke very low, but so distinctly that I heard every word. 'I can't think how she came here at this time; but don't notice her. I am afraid we must leave the children after all. I am sorry now that you did not remain when you were with us.'

"This betrayal of her plan filled me with hopes of saving the children. Sister Lois came out immediately, and, locking the trunk, called to the man below to carry it down.

"Her manner was something wonderful; it almost convinced me that she was doing her duty, while I must be meddling in other people's concerns most unwarrantably.

"I took Nellie by the hand and went boldly into Diana's room, where she sat pale and trembling. I believe I fell down at her feet with some kind of wild appeal that touched her heart; for she laid the baby in my arms, and began hurriedly to say that Mr. Clifton had given his consent to her living one year with the Shakers. She only went away in the evening that she might attract less notice.

"'And the children?' I asked resolutely.

"Diana had not fully learned to do evil that good might come, and though Sister Lois stood looking at her with all her will-power in her eyes, she said what I shall never forget in this world or the next.

"'You have been my only friend, and I will speak the truth in this last time that

we shall ever meet. He said I must leave the children; but I know that it is my duty to take them with me.'

"She gave me an imploring look; but I clasped the baby right to my breast, while Nellie held by my dress as for her life, and without a word more we were left alone.

"I heard whispering below; the man seemed to urge something, and his foot was on the stairs; but Sister Lois said, 'No; it is useless to try violence on that woman. I know her too well. We'll manage it some other way.' And they drove off.

"There was not another soul in the house, so thorough had been Diana's preparations.

"Judge Clifton came home at midnight, and the servants about the same time. He had truly given his consent to his wife's leaving her home, but had no idea that it was to be so soon. He was deeply moved by her perfidy toward him in trying to carry off the children.

"I felt that no comfort or sympathy could reach a grief like his, and I went home so soon as I could leave the children."

That was the last time we spoke of Diana to each other; but others could never spare her. She died to the world and to her friends from that moment.

Judge Clifton gave up his own house, and took the children to his mother. It is said that his devotion to his profession wore upon him; the new grief, if it were new, certainly added no deeper shadow to the harassed and bitter expression which had grown over his face soon after his marriage, and on his own affairs he maintained absolute silence.

When Mrs. Clifton's year of probation had nearly passed, curiosity rose again as to the result of her experiment. One morning I took a letter from the office for Mary Sumner and carried it to her school-room. She read a line or two, and then crushed the letter in her hand as if it had stung her. I was not cruel enough to stay and watch her, though I knew the letter was in Diana's handwriting.

Soon after we heard that Mrs. Clifton had joined herself to the Shakers for life, under the name of "Sister Diana," and had gone with Sister Lois to live at Bofield, a larger and more central community.

The following summer was the most sickly time ever known in Weston. The factory people suffered most, as their supply of daily bread stopped with their work. Mary Sumner gave herself no time for rest or sleep. She was met more than once fast asleep on her way to her school. It was useless to strive with her. To all I could say she would only answer that such labor physicked her own pain; and what that pain was I knew too well.

She enlisted me one night to watch with one of her fever patients, and I insisted on her going to bed for the first half of the night.

I arranged her on a sofa in another room and returned to my watch, satisfied that Mary's case needed the more careful treatment of the two.

She came in again at midnight and offered to relieve me. I touched her gown, and it felt damp.

"Did you get any sleep?" I asked with sudden suspicion.

"Not much. I have been to see the child over the way." She gave me a very wan and tremulous smile, and fell back in a swoon so long and death-like that I never expected to see her move again. This was the beginning of the same fever the seeds of which she had caught in so many sick-rooms.

I had her removed at once to this house, and the fruit and other dainties that were brought to her by those whom she had succored would have feasted an army of convalescents, while she lay white and motionless, unconscious of the harvest her goodness had sown.

Judge Clifton never came near her, or sent any message; and I kept every one away from her, as her fever talk often betrayed the hitherto safe-hidden passion of her life.

The fever burned itself out very soon for sheer want of material to ravage, but it left her in such mortal weakness that we watched with trembling the flicker of life that remained to her.

One sultry August night, I sat watching the faint rise and fall of the linen that lay on her breast.

"What did you do with the letter?" she asked suddenly.

"What letter?" I said; "I have seen none."

"Then it is in the dress I wore when I was taken with the fever."

She gave a feeble sigh of satisfaction when I placed it in her hand, and held it tight for safe keeping.

The silence grew more and more oppressive. With Mary's life for my text, I preached a sermon to myself on the general uncomfortableness of every worldly arrangement, and my argument was so conclusive that I almost came to justify Diana Bourne in casting away her duty for what would give her happiness.

I heard the front door open and shut softly, and on the stairs I met Judge Clifton. There was no sign of greeting on his side, his hand shook as he grasped my wrist.

"They tell me that Mary Sumner cannot live a week; is it true?"

"No, Mr. Clifton; she is very weak, but I think not dying."

The devout thankfulness in his face satisfied even my jealousy of Mary's secret. I felt that I should do well to betray it.

"I have been out of town for several weeks," he went on hurriedly. "I am free now to give my life to her if she will take it. Will you let me see her?"

I reflected that joy rarely kills anybody; and if it should, one ought to be thankful to get one's release in that way. So I led Judge Clifton to the door of the room I had left, and then sat down on the stairs to cry it out in peace.

He went away after awhile in silence. Mary lay all night with shaded eyes, saying once when I pressed her hand to be sure she was alive, "You may read the letter now, if you like."

It was from Diana, of course; an explanation of her motives in forsaking the vow she had taken eight years before, so clear and convincing that I threw no more stones at her from that hour.

The sentence which stung Mary so deeply must have been this:

"Mary, if he who was once my husband should ask you to take the place which I have abandoned, and to be a mother to his children, for my sake do not refuse. I am happy at last in this walk which I have chosen, between work and prayer; but I can never condemn you for being happy in your own way."

Mary came slowly back to health, carrying her new happiness tenderly in her heart, as if it were half a sorrow. Judge Clifton's first bride had a fairer face, but the plain cap of a Shakeress harmonized better with its classic coldness than lace and orange blossoms.

The genial expression of his boyhood has returned to his middle-aged face, and Mary Clifton, in becoming a stepmother, still holds to her vocation of a Sister of Charity.

"But suppose," said my niece Hester, looking up as I finished my story, "that the first Mrs. Clifton should get tired of the Shakers, and come back after all?"

"My dear," I said gravely, "one may *suppose* dreadful things when one is young; but after forty, one is content to wait till they happen."—*The Galaxy.*

JACKSON, WASHINGTON, BURR.

From "The Memories of Fifty Years," by W. H. Sparks, of Louisiana, lately published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

ANDREW JACKSON.

General Jackson was one of those rare creations of nature which appear at long intervals to astonish and delight mankind. It seems to be settled in the public mind that he was born in South Carolina; but there is no certainty of the fact. His early life was very obscure, and he himself was uncertain of his birthplace, though he believed it was South Carolina. He remembered the removal of his family from South Carolina, and many of the incidents of the war of the Revolution transpiring there; but more especially those occurring in North Carolina, to which the family removed. Judge Alexander Porter, of Louisiana, was an Irishman, and from the neighborhood where were born and reared the parents of Jackson. His own father was brutally executed at Vinegar Hill, by sentence of a drum-head court-martial, in 1798, and his family proscribed by the British government. With his uncle, the Rowans, the Jackson's, and some others, he emigrated to America, and settled at Nashville, Tennessee. The Jacksons were of the same family, and distantly connected with General Jackson. Great intimacy existed between this family and General Jackson for many years.

JACKSON'S MOTHER.

An anecdote relative to his parting from his mother in his outset in life illustrates this as prominent in the attributes of his nature at that time. The writer heard him narrate this after his return from Washington, when his last term in the Presidential office had expired.

When about to emigrate to Tennessee, the family were residing in the neighborhood of Greensboro', North Carolina.

"I had," said he, "contemplated this step for some months, and had made arrangements to do so, and at length had obtained my mother's consent to do it. All my worldly goods were a few dollars in my purse, some clothes in my saddle-bags, a pretty good horse, saddle, and bridle. The country to which I was going was comparatively a wilderness, and the trip a long one, beset by many difficulties, especially from the Indians. I felt, and so did my mother, that we were parting forever. I knew she would not recall her promise; there was too much spunk in her for that, and this caused me to linger a day or two longer than I had intended.

"But the time came for the painful parting. My mother was a little, dumpy, red-headed Irish woman. 'Well, mother, I am ready to leave, and I must say farewell.' She took my hand, and pressing it, said 'Farewell,' and her emotion choked her.

"Kissing at meetings and partings in that day was not so common as now. I turned from her and walked rapidly to my horse.

"As I was mounting him she came out of the cabin wiping her eyes with her apron, came to the getting-over place at the fence. 'Andy,' said she (she always called me Andy,) you are going to a new country, and among a rough people; you will have to depend on yourself, and cut your own way through the world. I have nothing to give but a mother's advice. Never tell a lie, nor take what is not your own, nor sue anybody for slander or assault and battery. *Always settle them cases yourself.*' I promised, and I have tried to keep that promise. I rode off some two hundred yards to a turn in the path, and looked back; she was still standing at the fence and wiping her eyes. I never saw her after that." Those who knew him best will testify to his fidelity to this last promise made his mother.

JACKSON A SLAVE DEALER.

Many will remember the charge brought against him pending his candidacy for the Presidency, of having been, in early life, a negro trader or dealer in slaves. This charge was strictly true, though abundantly disproved by the oaths of some, and even by the certificate of his principal partner. Jackson had a small store, or trading establishment, at Bruinsburg, near the mouth of the Bayou Pierre, in Clairborne county, Mississippi. It was at this point that he received the negroes, purchased by his partner at Nashville, and sold them to the planters of the neighborhood. Sometimes, when the price was better, or the sales were quicker, he carried them to Louisiana. This, however, he soon declined; because, under the laws of Louisiana, he was obliged to guarantee the health and character of the slave he sold.

On one occasion he sold an unsound negro to a planter in the parish of West Feliciana, and, upon his guarantee, was sued and held to bail to answer. In this case he was compelled to refund the purchase money, with damages. He went back upon his partner, and compelled him to share the loss. This caused a breach between them, which was never healed. This is the only instance which ever came to my knowledge of strife with a partner. He was close to his interest, and spared no means to protect it.

JACKSON IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

In 1835, when Jackson was President, the writer, passing from Louisville to New York with his family, spent some days at Washington. His lady was the youngest daughter of Abner Green; he was in company with a daughter of Henry Green and her husband; her mother was niece to Mrs. Jackson. We called to see the President, and when my lady was introduced to the General, he was informed she was the daughter of his old friend, Abner Green, of Second Creek. He did not speak, but held her hand for some moments, gazing intently into her face. His feelings overcame him, and, clasping her to his bosom, he said, "I must kiss you, my child, for your sainted mother's sake;" then, holding her from him, he looked again, "Oh! how like your mother you are—she was the friend of my poor Rachel when she so much needed a friend—I loved her, and I love her memory;" and then, as if ashamed of his emotion, he continued: "You see, my child, though I am President through the kindness or folly of the people, I am but a weak, silly old man."

We spent the evening with him, and when in his private sitting-room his pipe was lighted and brought to him, he said, "Now, my child, let us talk about Mississippi and the old people." I have never in all my life seen more tenderness of manner, or more deep emotion shown, than this stern old man continually evinced when speaking of his wife and her friends.

The character of General Jackson is yet greatly misunderstood. This has been caused by the fact that his words and actions, when in command, or when enraged, as a man, have been the main data upon which the estimate of his bearing and character has been predicated. He was irascible and quick in his temper, and when angered was violent in words and manner. It was at such moments that the stern inflexibility of his will was manifest; and his passion towered in proportion to provocation. But in private life and social intercourse he was bland, gentle, and conciliating. His manner was most polished and lofty in society, and in a lady's parlor, in urbanity and polish of manners, he never had a superior. This high polish was nature's spontaneous gift. He had never been taught it in courts, or from association with those who had. It was the emanation of his great soul, which stole out through his every word and movement in the presence of ladies, and which erupted as a volcano at insult or indignity from man.

That evening at the White House is marked in my memory with a white stone. The playful simplicity of his conversation and manner, and the particularity of his inquiries about matters and things so insignificant, but which were links in the chain of his memories, I remember well.

"Is old papa Jack and Bellile living?" he asked, after a pause, of my wife, accompanied with a look of eager anxiety.

These were two old Africans, faithful servants of her father; and then there was an anecdote of each of them—their remarks or their conduct upon some hunting or fishing excursion, in which he had participated forty years before.

I was an interested spectator in the presence of one of nature's wonderful creations—one who had made, and was making, history for his country, and whose name was to descend to future times as one of her noblest sons and greatest historical characters. I watched every motion of his lips, every expression of his features, and every gleam of his great gray eyes, and I could but wonder at the childlike naturalness of everything about him. Is not this an attribute of greatness—to be natural? Yes; to be natural in all things belongs to truth, and a truthful exhibition of nature, without assumption or deceit, is greatness. Here was one who could, with natural simplicity, amuse a child; and the same one could command and successfully wield a great army, and, with equal success, direct the destinies of a great nation; whose genius was tempered with simplicity and tenderness, and when towering most in its grandeur, was most truthful to nature.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND MAJOR ANDRE.

1820 was spent by the writer at the law-school of Litchfield, Connecticut, in company with William Crawford Banks, Hopkins Holsey, Samuel W. Oliver, and James Clark, of Georgia. All are in the grave except Clark, who, like the writer, lives in withered age. His career has been a successful and honorable one, and I trust a happy one.

During this probation it was my fortune to form many acquaintances among the young and the old whom I met there, and from them to learn much, especially from the old. At that time there resided in the pleasant little village, Governor Oliver Wolcott, Benjamin Talmage, and my distinguished preceptors, Tapping Reeve and James Gould.

Colonel Benjamin Talmage was a distinguished officer in the American army of the Revolution, and was a favorite aid of Washington. It was he who was charged with the painful duty of superintending the execution of Major Andre, who suffered as a spy. He was a tall, venerable man, and though cumbered with years, when I knew him, was active and energetic in attending to his business. The first time I ever saw him, he was standing in front of his yard-gate, shaping a gate-pin with a small hatchet, which he used as a knife, to reduce it to the desired size and form. One end he had in his left hand, the other he rested against the trunk of a sycamore tree, which grew near by and shaded the sidewalk. I knew his character and his services. As I approached him my feeling were sublimated with the presence of a man who had been the aid to and confidant of George Washington. He was neatly attired in gray small-clothes. His white hair was carefully combed over the bald portion of his head, as, hatless, he pursued his work. His position was fronting me, and I caught his brilliant gray eyes as he looked up from his work to know who was passing. Involuntarily I stopped, and, lifting my hat from my head, bowed respectfully to him, and passed him uncovered, as he returned my salutation with that ease and dignity characteristic of the gentleman of the old school. To-day that towering, manly form is present to my view, as it stood before me then. He inquired of Judge Gould, his immediate neighbor, who I was, and was pleased to mention my respectful demeanor toward him. My reply, when told of this, was: "I should have despised myself could I have acted otherwise toward one so eminent, and who was the confidential friend of Washington." This was reported to the venerable Colonel, who showed his appreciation of my conduct by extending to me many kindnesses during my stay in the village.

By his own hearthstone I have listened with eager interest to the narration of Andre's capture and execution. He was opposed, with Alexander Hamilton, to the hanging of Andre, and always contended that it was not clearly established that he had come into the American lines as a spy. Andre, when captured, wore his uniform under an overcoat, which concealed it, and the papers found on his person only proved that he sought to deliver them to Arnold. The day before his execution, he solemnly declared his only object was an interview with Arnold, or, should he fail in this, to contrive to send him the papers which had been found upon him. When he knew the commander-in-chief had refused him clemency, through Colonel Talmage he appealed to Washington to let him be shot, and die a soldier's death; not to permit him to perish as a felon upon the gallows. Colonel Talmage, when he stated this wish to him, assured him it would be granted. Every effort was made, by his officers and aids, to induce the granting of the request, but in vain. "And never in my life," said Colonel Talmage, "have I had imposed upon me so painful a duty as communicating this fact to the young and gallant officer. He saw my embarrassment and feelings, and, rising from his seat, said: 'Colonel, I thank you for the generous interest you have taken in my case. It has proved of no avail; yet I am none the less grateful.' He paused a moment, when he continued: 'It is hard to die, and die thus. My time is short, and I must employ it in writing to my family, and I must request that you will see my letters forwarded to headquarters.' I promised; when he extended his hand; and, grasping mine, asked: 'Is this our last parting, or shall I see you to-morrow?' I told him it had been made my duty to superintend his execution. 'We will part at the grave,' he said, and, covering his face with his hands, sank, sobbing, into his chair.

"I went away sorrowing, and spent a sleepless night. When the hour had arrived, I waited on him in his prison, and found him cool and prepared for the sacrifice. We both felt too much for words, and there was little said. I remember he asked me to procure his watch, which had been taken from him, if possible, and send it to headquarters. He desired his family to have it."

"Did you ever get it?" I asked.

The Colonel bit his lip in shame for him who had it, and only answered:

"Never."

"The grave was prepared near the gallows, and the open coffin was by it. As Andre approached, he saw it, and a shudder ran through his frame. Turning to me he said: 'I am to be buried there. One more request, Colonel. 'Mark it; so that when this cruel conflict shall have ended, my friends may find it.' He then shook hands with me, and with unfaltering steps went to the scaffold."

WASHINGTON NOT PLEASANT OR GENIAL.

I heard this narrative many times, and with its ending the white kerchief about the old man's neck was loosed, and the moisture from his eyes told that the feelings as well as the memory of that day still survived. He would a moment after continue: "Washington was a stern man—he was a hard man—slow to form opinions or resolutions; but once formed, there was no power under heaven to move him. He never formed either until his judgment was convinced of the right. There was less of impulse in his nature than in that of any man I ever knew. I served by his side for years, and I never saw the least manifestation of passion or surprise. He received the information of Arnold's treachery with the same apparent indifference that he would an orderly's report; and with the same indifference of manner signed the death warrant of Andre.

"This indifference was marked with a natural sternness, which forbade all familiarity to all men. Even Colonel Hamilton, who was naturally facetious, never ventured, during his long service, the slightest intimacy. Hamilton, whom he esteemed above all men, and to whom he gave his entire confidence, always observed in his private intercourse, as in his public, the strictest etiquette. This cool sternness was natural to him, and its influence was overwhelming. The humblest and the highest felt it alike; inspiring a respectful awe, commanding a dignified demeanor. He was best beloved at a distance, because the qualities of the man were only present, and these were purer and more lofty than those given to any other man. There is no character of ancient or modern times so consistent as that of Washington. He was always cool, always slow, always sincere. There is no act of his life evincing the influence of prejudice. He decided all matters upon evidence, and the unbiassed character of his mind enabled him impartially to weigh this evidence, and the great strength of his judgment to analyze and apply it. He seemed to understand men instinctively, and if he was ever deceived in any of those in close association with him, it was Tom Jefferson. Burr had not been on his staff ten days before he understood him perfectly, and he very soon got rid of him. Of all the officers of the Continental army General Greene was his favorite; and he was right, for Greene was a great military man—far superior to Washington himself, and none knew it better than he. I remember to have heard him say that Greene was the only man in the army who could retrieve the mistakes of Gates and save the Southern country. The result verified the statement.

"Washington's lenity never extended to the excusing of any palpable neglect of duty. The strict regularity of his own private character was carried into everything connected with his public duties. However much he esteemed any man, it was for his worth in his especial position, and not because of any peculiarity of bearing or properties of heart. That he appreciated the higher qualities of the heart is certainly true—but for what they were worth always—and neither quality of head or heart created a prejudice which would lead him to excuse any neglect of duty or laxity of morals. He was not without heart, but it was slow to be moved, and never so moved as to warp or obscure his judgment, or influence the discharge of his duty.

MARTHA WASHINGTON NOT AN AMIABLE WOMAN.

"Mrs. Washington was less amiable than her husband, and at times would sadly tax his patience. She never forgot that she was wealthy when she married him, and would sometimes allude to it in no very pleasant manner to her husband, who, notwithstanding, bore with her with remarkable patience. I do not remember ever to have seen General Washington laugh; sometimes a faint smile would tinge his features; but very soon they returned to the sedateness and gravity of expression common to them; and though they rarely brightened with a smile, they were never deformed by a frown. There was in their expression a fixity indicative of his character, a purpose settled and unalterable. Of all the men I have ever known, Washington was the only one who never descended from the stilts of his dignity, or relaxed the austerity of his bearing. It has been said that he swore at General Charles Lee at the battle of Brandywine. I could never have it authenticated. He asked excitedly of General Lee by what ill-timed mistake the disaster had occurred which was forcing his retreat. Lee was a passionate, bad man, and disliked to serve under Washington's command. He had served with distinction in the British army in Europe, and felt, in adopting the cause of the Colonies, he should have been proffered the chief command. There had been an intrigue at Philadelphia, headed by Dr. Rush, aided by others, to prejudice Congress against the commander-in-chief—to have him displaced, that Lee might succeed him. If Washington was aware of this, it never escaped him to any of his military family; and certainly never influenced his conduct toward Lee, for he had confidence in his military abilities, and always gave him the position where the most honor was to be won. Lee's reply to Washington was violent, profane, and insolent. He said to General Lafayette that his reply was: 'No man can boast of possessing more of that damned rascally virtue than yourself.' He was arrested, court-martialed, and by its decree suspended one year from command. He never returned to the service, but retired to the interior of Virginia, and lived in great seclusion until his death.

WASHINGTON DEPENDS HIMSELF.

"In conversation over the mess-table, at West Point, some severe remarks upon the conduct of Washington, in hanging Andre, escaped Hamilton. He said, warmly, that it was cruelly unjust, and would assuredly sully the future fame of the General; that he felt aggrieved that the ardent solicitations of his staff, and most of the field officers, in the unfortunate young man's behalf, had been so little regarded. These remarks reached the ears of the General. We were not aware of this, until some weeks subsequently he summoned his staff to his presence and stated the fact:

"'You will remember, gentlemen, that Captain Asgill, who was a prisoner, and sentenced, by lot, to die, in retaliation for the cold-blooded murder of Captain Hale by the orders of a British officer. You, and many of the officers of the army, interceded to save his life. His execution was, in consequence, respited. The heart-rending appeal of his mother and sisters, communicated to me in letters from those high-bred and accomplished women, determined me to lenity in his case, and he was pardoned. Immediately upon the heels of this pardon comes an intrigue to seduce from his duty and allegiance a major general, distinguished for services and capacity, and Major Andre is the instrument to carry out this intrigue—to communicate their plans to the traitor, and to consummate the arrangement. These plans were to seize, treacherously, the person of the general commanding the American forces, and carry him a prisoner to the enemy's head-quarters. Lenity to this man would have been a high crime against Congress, the army, and the country, which could not have been justified. I regretted the necessity as much as any of you; but mine was the responsibility, not yours. Its being a painful duty did not make it less a duty. Not mine alone, but the safety of the army depended upon the discharge of this duty—a duty recognized by all nations in civilized warfare. I felt it such; I discharged it and I am satisfied with it. I hope I am superior to any apprehension of future censure for a faithful discharge of an imperative duty.' Waving his hand, he bade us 'good evening.'

BURR AND HAMILTON RIVALS IN LOVE.

"His respect for the abilities of Colonel Burr was quite as exalted as for those of Hamilton; but he had no confidence in his honesty or truth, and consequently very soon got rid of him. Burr's liason with Margaret Moncrief destroyed entirely the little regard left for him in the mind of Washington. I asked Col. Talmage if Burr and Hamilton ever were friends. They were very close friends apparently; but it was palpable that each entertained a jealousy of the other, however much he strove to conceal it. They were both ambitious, and felt the way to preferment was through the favor of the commander-in-chief. Burr was the more sensitive and the more impulsive of the two. They knew the abilities of each other, and they knew these were highly appreciated by the General; and at the moment when this jealousy was likely to interfere with this friendship, Burr left the position of aid to the General. He knew he had forfeited the confidence of Washington, and he figured in the army very little after this. The rivalry, however, did not stop here, nor did the secret enmity in their hearts die. The world is not aware of the true cause of the hatred between them, and it may never be.

* * * * * * *

"Colonel Burr has ever been remarkable for abilities from his boyhood. Reeve and the celebrated Samuel Lathrop Mitchell were his classmates, and agree that he had no equal in college. They were educated at Princeton. Burr showed not only talent but application, and a most burning ambition. He showed, too, that he was already unscrupulous in the means to accomplish his object. There are stories told of his college life very discreditable to his fame. He was as remarkable in his features as in his mind. His capacious forehead, aquiline nose, and piercingly brilliant eyes, black as night, with a large, flexible mouth, Grecian in form, made him extremely handsome as a youth. His manners were natural and elegant, and his conversational powers unequalled. They are so to-day. Think of these gifts in a man uninfluenced by principle, and only obedient to the warmer passions. He ever shunned collective society, and seemed (for the time, at least,) totally absorbed by one or two only. The eloquence of his manner, as the persuasion of words, was in him transcendent. The whispered sophisms of his genius burned into the heart, and it was remarked of him, by one wise and discreet, that he could, in fewer words, win the sympathy and start to tears a female audience than any preacher in the land. From boyhood he seemed to have the key to every heart he desired to unlock. Fatal gift! and terribly fatal did it prove to many a victim, and especially to that gifted but frail girl, Margaret Moncrief.

"Margaret Moncrief was the daughter of an officer of the British army, and had been left with that old veteran Putnam, after this officer was a prisoner of war. Hamilton formed an attachment for her, and Burr, more from vanity than any other feeling, determined to win her away from him. She was, for her sex, as remarkable as Burr for his; her education was very superior, her reading as extensive as most professional men, and entirely out of the line of ordinary female reading; she was familiar with the entire range of science—her person in form was perfect; in features, exquisitely beautiful. She, too, possessed the art to steal away the affections of any one around whom she threw her spell. Apparently unconscious of her natural gifts, she displayed them without reserve, and so artlessly as to lure and beguile almost to frenzy such temperaments as those of Burr and Hamilton. Never before had Burr met his equal, and his vanity and ambition were equally stimulated to triumph in her conquest, and ere he was aware of it, what had been commenced in levity had become a passion which held him in chains. The sequel was the ruin of both. Here commenced the heart-hatred which termi-

nated in the duel, and the death of Hamilton.

"I know there was a romantic story, that gained credit with many, that the influence of Miss Moncrief had corrupted Burr, and that she was acting as a spy, and from Burr obtained all the information she desired of the movements of the American army. Such was the credit attached to this story, that General Putnam was questioned rather closely on the subject of the intercourse between them. It was his opinion that it was without foundation, and that it was simply a love affair. It was also stated, and this Hamilton credited, that Burr was preparing to leave the country with the lady, and there were some circumstances which seemed to warrant such suspicion. To this day, there are ladies who were at that time in communication with Miss Moncrief, who mention that every preparation had been made, that her wardrobe had been removed from her apartment, and that it was carried to those of Colonel Burr, and that they had been turned back in the harbor by a sentry-boat, when striving, with a solitary oarsman, to reach a British man-of-war, in the lower harbor of the bay of New York. There was never any proof of this, however, and I imagine it was only a gossiping story of Madame Rumor."

☞ A Constantinople paper gives quotations of female slaves. A negro woman, in good health, brings about $400; a Circassian girl of twelve, $1,000; and of sixteen, $4 000.

☞ There is nothing new under the sun. China started life insurance three thousand years ago.

☞ There are three Mormon meeting-houses in Massachusetts—one being in Boston.

☞ The Portland Advertiser suggests that the fishes tamper with the Atlantic cables, which may account for the doubtful odor of some of the war rumors.

☞ Mlle. Latour is the prettiest woman in Paris—and her photographs sell by the thousands at two francs, while Eugenie's are slow at one franc.

☞ The other day the lightning ran down a rod into the ground; and, leaping up through the surface, struck dead an estimable lady. The sad occurrence was due to the fact that the end of the lightning-rod did not penetrate the earth for a sufficient distance. The end should never be less than five feet below the surface of the ground.

☞ Writers of experience in Nature strongly recommended the use of mosquito curtains in tropical regions as a precaution against malaria. They "sift" the air, and besides tend surprisingly to keep its temperature within them uniform.

☞ Mr. Philp, an Englishman, who lives in Washington, writes that while in that city, on his last visit to America, "Mr. Dickens, during a conversation relative to the pulpit oratory of the United States, of which he had the highest opinion, remarked that he had always been a Unitarian, and that for many years he was a member of that society."

☞ The author of those highly colored works, "Ouida" and "Puck," is a Miss La Ramee—a lady whose father was a French officer. She lives with her mother at one of the large hotels in London, and frequently gives parties there. She is neither young nor is she favored by nature with the physical advantages which she lavishes on her heroines. The author of "Red as a Rose is She," etc., is also a lady—a Miss Broughton.

☞ The European war has seriously interfered with the petroleum trade, which had become one of the most important branches of our foreign commerce. Germany being the best market, and the oil being transported in German ships chiefly.

☞ A new method of testing one's sobriety is suggested by the New York Mail. If he can distinctly pronounce "veterinary surgeon," he may consider himself sober as a judge. The test is infallible.

☞ The negotiations between Italy and France for the withdrawal of the French troops from Italian soil, have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The Italian Government has guaranteed the preservation of order in Rome—and the French troops have evacuated the city. It is asserted that his Holiness has been advised to take refuge in Malta—but it seems that he has decided to stay in Rome.

☞ There is a husband in Troy, who demands $1,000 from a rich farmer who kissed his wife. If the Trojan can only succeed in getting it, he may set up in a good business with his wife as capital.

☞ A reformed gambler was about to die and sent for a minister, when the following conversation occurred: "Pastor, you think I am near death?" "I regret to say, I believe you are." "Do you think, since I am converted, I will go to Heaven?" "I do." "Do you expect to get there too?" "Yes, I believe I will." "Well, we'll be angels, won't we? And have wings to fly with?" "Yes, I am sure we'll be like the angels." "Well, then," said the dying man, *I'll bet five dollars I will beat you flying!*"

☞ All accounts agree that Charles Dickens was as methodical and exact in the use of his time as the most plodding business man. This fact accounts for the great amount of work he was able to perform. His genius was no more remarkable than his painstaking industry.

☞ A writer in a Dublin medical journal says, that many sworn teetotalers in Ireland have acquired the habit of intoxicating themselves with ether. The annual consumption of the liquid in the region about Belfast, is four thousand gallons.

☞ It is a fact not generally known, that English ladies—in comparison with their cousins on this side of the Atlantic—have large hands and feet. Sixes is a size in gloves rarely sold by London shopkeepers. But they also generally have better developed busts and limbs.

☞ Little drops of rain brighten the meadows. Little acts of kindness brighten the world.

☞ The New York Commercial estimates that the Yankee is one-half grit and one-half gas; the Englishman two-thirds bluster and one-third beer; the German two parts vinegar and cabbage and two parts needle gun, and the Frenchman *all* fight.

☞ "Aunt, why do you sit out the long sermons of that abbe?" said the niece. "My dear," replied aunt, "they accustom me to eternity."

☞ The mark Napoleon aims at—Bismark. What Bismark means—Bis, and to take the Nap off of the French throne.

☞ IN SYMPATHY.—"That charming woman and myself are in sympathy with each other." "How so, my dear fellow?" "Well, I hate her husband and she hates him too."

☞ On a gate post in front of a farm-house out West is a sign reading, "No life insurance or sewing machines wanted here."

☞ HIS BED.—A Bohemian who was obliged to camp out the other evening, when asked where he slept, remarked that he occupied a bed. "Indeed," ejaculated a brother B.; "I thought you had to rough it outside." "Well," No. 1 replied, "I slept on an onion bed."

☞ An English clergyman is said to have preached and printed twenty-three sermons about Gideon.

☞ An English invention is a hollow iron "curbstone," through which telegraphic wires can be conducted.

☞ It will be a surprise to some persons to learn that the mean temperature of July, 1868, was 80 04 degrees, nearly one-third of a degree above that of last month.

☞ It has been ascertained that the person or persons who murdered Mr. Nathan, in New York, obtained $60,000 from the safe which Mr. Nathan had placed in the room the night before. No clue has yet been found to the murderer.

☞ THE QUICKEST WAY.—The other day, in Buffalo, an excited individual with a carpet-bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other, and a shawl hanging over his arm, accosted one of the street gamins with the question, "Say, bub, which is the quickest way for me to get to the Erie Railroad depot?" "Run!" was the laconic response.

☞ Nitro glycerine has been in use but five years, yet 1,700 persons have been killed or maimed for life by it.

☞ A gentleman asked a little girl what it was that made a person feel so when another tickled him. "I suppose it is the laugh creeping over him," was the instant reply.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Lot of Jokes.

In one of the towns of Michigan resides a legal gentleman of fine abilities, an eloquent talker, a thorough lawyer, and good fellow generally; but he tippels too frequently, and this habit has retarded his advancement. His party had frequently promised him position, but the poor man's failing had as frequently rendered it inxpedient just at that time. Finally the time came when the Congressional nomination was within his grasp. He had a wife. She, too, wished to go to Washington. Other representatives took their spouses to the capital. She mentioned that fact to Robert.

"You expect to go, dear, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And do as other Congressmen do?"

"Yes," gruffly.

"Well, as other Congressmen take their wives, you'll take me?"

"I don't care; you may go."

"But, dear, you know I've never been there, nor never been out much. How do you think I'll appear among other great men's wives?"

"'Pear well enough! 'pear well enough!" replied Robert, beginning to get a little riled. "All great men have confounded fools for wives."

Unfortunately for Robert, the people did not see in Robert the representative the exigencies of the time demanded, and elected the other man. But what an atrocious sentiment Robert uttered!

Alas that there should be so many poor souls who in this world and that which is to come look forward to nothing that is substantially comfortably and satisfying! Here, for instance, is a veritable descendant of St. Martha, who came into a neighbor's house in Buffalo a few days since, downcast, wearying with many cares and cumbered with much serving: "So much to do! cleaning, working, cooking, washing, sewing, and everything else! No rest! never was, never will be for me!"

"Oh, yes," said the good woman she addressed, "there will be a rest one day for us all—a long rest."

"Not for me! not for me!" was the reply. "Whenever I *do* die, there will be certain to be resurrection *the very next day*. It would be just my luck!"

Poor old dear! Too bad!

In Tamaqua, the "Mountain City" of Pennsylvania, has resided for many years an old colored individual, by occupation a barber, who was one day complaining of his sufferings from dyspepsia, and attributed his ailment to the fact of having no teeth, by which he was unable properly to masticate his food.

"Well, Simon," said a by-stander, "why don't you get a set of false teeth? They wouldn't cost you much."

"False teef!" exclaimed Simon; "oh, no, sah! no you don't! I'se had jest all de teef I want in *my* mouf! I'se suffered more wid de toofache den I ever did wid de 'spepsy, an' I was glad enuf for to git shet of my teef! You don't git no more teef into *my* mouf—*no*, sah!"

A young Minnesotian was recently made the proud father of a bouncing, handsome baby boy. The little fellow's tongue was slightly tied, and needed a little cutting. The fond "pap" remarked, "If it had been a girl I wouldn't have had it cut, *in these times*."

A genial rector of a village parish in Minnesota found it difficult to get his salary promptly. Latterly it was much behind. Going to one of his delinquent parishioners in the hardware trade, he looked over all his stock of cork-screws *very* fastidiously, seeking a large one of peculiar strength and size. To the inquiry, "What do *you* want of such a thing, any how?" the answer came, "My dear sir, I want a cork-screw that can draw my salary!"

The payments are coming more promptly.

The "glorious uncertainty of the law" is an old proverb. I recently had a new rendering from ex-United States Senator Nesmith, of Oregon, who said, speaking of the Supreme Court of the United States, "They have the last *guess* at the case."

A city correspondent contributes this to our juvenalia:

My little boy, six years old, and my little girl, eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed, "Oh, Minnie! I see a dog in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky-terrier!"

"Names are things," was the trisyllabic remark of a celebrated British statesman. Even so in Maryland. Lawyer —— was a candidate for the Legislature. On an election tour through the northern portion of Hartford county he stopped at the house of an old farmer, who asked him what he was. The lawyer, not knowing the farmer's politics, and wishing to be on the safe side, answered, after a moment's hesitation, that he was a "Democratic Republican." "A what?" "A Democratic Republican," repeated the legal gentleman. "Well, sir," said the man of the soil, slowly, "I am very fond of turkey, *very*; but I *don't* like turkey buzzard."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Dutchman's Insurance.

A story is told of a German who had taken the precaution to insure the life of his wife for $5,000, and his stable for $900, believing the former might die and the latter be burnt, and he could not get along without some compensation for the loss. Both policies had been taken from the same agent. In a few months after the stable had been insured it was destroyed by fire. Shmidt quietly notified the agent, and hinted to him that he would expect the $900 at the earliest possible moment. The agent at once sent a carpenter to ascertain the cost of erecting a new stable of the same dimensions, having ascertained that the property had been insured for more than it was worth. The builder reported that he could replace the stable with new material for $500, but unfortunately there was an ordinance preventing the erection of frame buildings—the old stable having been of wood. He was asked to estimate the cost of a brick stable, and reported the amount at $750. The agent then notified Shmidt that he would build him a new brick stable in place of the old frame one, but Shmidt became very indignant at the proposition, saying:

"I do not understand this insurance business. I pay you for nine hundred dollars, and when my shtable burn down you make me a new one. I not want a new shtable. I want nine hundred dollars."

The agent reasoned with Shmidt, but all to no purpose. When the stable was about finished, Shmidt went to consult a lawyer, thinking that he could still get the amount of the policy, besides having the new stable.

The lawyer, however, informed him that the company had a right to make good the loss by building a new stable, and expressed surprise at the idea of bringing suit against them.

"But," said Shmidt, "I insure for nine hundred dollar, and dis fellar put up dem shtable for seven hundred and fifty—I do not understand the insurance business."

Finding that he could not compel the payment by law, he became disgusted with the insurance business altogether. Calling upon the agent, Shmidt said:

"Mr. Agent, I want you to stop dem insurance on mine frow. I do not pay any more monish dat way; I not understand this insurance business."

Agent (surprised.) "Why, Mr. Shmidt, you are doing a very foolish thing. You have paid considerable on this policy already, and if your wife should die you will get $5,000."

"Yaw, dat ish vat you tell me now," said Shmidt. "Ven I pays you on my shtable you say I get nine hundred dollar if it burns down. So it was burnt, and you not give me mine monish. You say, 'O, dat was an old frame shtable; ish not word anydings; I make you a brick shtable,' and you no pay me my nine hundred dollar. Ven mine frow dies, den you say to me, 'O, she vash an old Dutch woman; she not word anydings; I get you a new English wife!' And so I lose mine five thousand dollars. You not fool Shmidt again. I not understand dis insurance business."

Life on the Ocean.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia City Item, writing on shipboard, says:—Yesterday, the sea being rough, not fewer than two-thirds of the cabin passengers were seasick, some very sick. It is a mean, miserable, unmanly and unmannerly kind of sickness, which, if it do not upset you entirely, unfits you for social enjoyment and robs you of your appetite. I begin to appreciate an anecdote told me by Mr. Edwin Forrest a year or more ago. He had then just returned from California by sea. I said to him, "Mr. Forrest, do you ever expect to visit Europe again?" He said, "Oh! no. I am so wretched on the sea, that I am neither fit company for myself nor any one else. On my late trip from California, I was in this mood, and a clergyman on board said to me, 'Mr. Forrest, consider the wonders of the Creator as exhibited in the waters of the ocean.' I said to him that may be all very well for you who can appreciate it, but I read in the good book that of the few times which our Divine Master went to sea *once He went a-foot*."

Another instance was that of a young married couple who had made a runaway match. The husband was leaning over the side of the ship, strongly inclined to seasickness. His loving young wife came and put her arm around him, and said, "Charley, you ought to love me very much, for I have thrown up for you father and mother, family and friends." Just then the ship gave a pitch, with a sudden effect upon poor Charley; and as soon as he could recover his voice he exclaimed, "And what haven't I thrown up for you? I have thrown up everything for you." And in the bitterness of the moment the poor fellow thought he had really done so.

A Friend in Need.

On one occasion two ladies were introduced to Mr Lincoln, bringing introductions from a Kentucky friend. "So you know B.," said the President, after shaking hands with them; "did he ever tell you I helped him to his wife?" The ladies knew nothing of it, so the match-maker proceeded to give a detailed account of the affair in his liveliest manner. "You see," he said, "B. could never get a chance to pop the question, because the lady's father was always in the room; so at last I told him I'd manage it for him, and the next time he called I went with him. I knew the old man, and often talked politics with him, but as both of us were Whigs, the talk was never very lively. That time, to help B., I turned Democrat, and the old man got so excited that B. and the daughter managed to slip out on the back porch and do the thing up at once."

☞ A Wisconsin paper claims that the water of the artesian wells in the town of Sparta is so charged with electricity that telegraph wires inserted in it need no other battery.

A FORGOTTEN CHARGE.

EUROPEAN TOURIST—"Is there not some mistake in that bill, landlord? A hundred and ten francs for two days! A hundred and ten francs for two or three bad dinners and two wretched nights passed in a bed full of bugs!"

LANDLORD (*in delight*)—"How? Were there bedbugs? Of course there is a mistake. We must add a little item:—

"Bedbugs - - - - - - - - - 2 francs.

"Now it is all right, my lord."

TWO GIRLS.

All alone in the grand old room,
'Mid silken curtains and splendid gloom,
A girl in her beauty sighs.
The softened light of the chandeliers,
Missing her diamonds, seeks the tears
That stand in her wistful eyes.

All alone by the castle walls,
Where hardly a ray of starlight falls,
A girl is crouching in dread,
She dare not beg of the churlish wight,
Guarding the portal in livery bright,
Even a crust of bread.

A gay cavalier comes riding along
Carelessly humming an amorous song—
Will he toss her a silver crown?
No. His thoughts are filled with his new love's face,
As he hurries past the familiar place,
And canters on to the town.

"Oh for a morsel of food!" one groans:
"If be but loved me!" the other moans—
She comes from a race of earls.
The beggar outside is not starving alone:
Father in Heaven, who lovest Thine own,
Pity these hungry girls.

A Beautiful Superstition.

In Poland every individual is supposed to be born subject to some particular destiny or fate, which it is impossible for him to avoid. The month of his nativity has a mysterious connection with one of the known precious stones, and when a person desires to present the object of his affection with an acceptable present, a ring is invariably given, glittering with a jewel by which the fate of that object is imagined to be determined and described. For instance, a lady is born in January—her ring must therefore be Jacinth or Garnet, for these stones belong to that peculiar month of the year, and express "constancy and fidelity."

The following is a list of the different stones, corresponding to each month in the year:—

January—Jacinth or Garnet. Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February—Amethyst. This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and insure them peace of mind.

March—Blood stone. Courage and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April—Sapphire and Diamond. Repentance and innocence.

May—Emerald. Success in love.

June—Agate. Long life and health.

July—Cornelian or Ruby. The forgetfulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

August—Sardonyx. Conjugal felicity.

September—Chrysolite. Preserves from or cures folly.

October—Aqua-marine or Opal. Misfortune and hope.

November—Topaz. Fidelity and friendship.

December—Turquoise or Malakite. The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the Turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard; as the old saying that "he who possesses a Turquoise will always be sure of friends."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Dam's Relations With Different Sires.

A notion in regard to the effects of a first impregnation of domestic animals has been promulgated, mostly I think, by English theorists, in which it has been gravely announced that a blood mare or heifer first impregnated by a *scrub*, is forever thereafter rendered impure or no better than a grade; that no offsprings from them, however pure the subsequent sire, is to be relied on as pure.

In America we have an unanswerable demonstration of the utter fallacy and falsehood of any such theory, in the fact that the mule breeders of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, where the great bulk of the supply is bred, breed their mares indiscriminately to jacks and horses, changing them first to one and then the other as the marked demand for either horses or mules may dictate; in thousands of instances taking the first foal from a jack, and following immediately by a horse. This system is annually practiced in the regions I have named, is there carried out this very year, and has been in full practice for the last fifty years in nearly every township in all those states: yet we have the very first practical breeder to report to the agricultural press that any mare has been damaged in the *least* in her availability to breed perfect colts from a horse.

I can establish, by legal testimony, in any court of law, that a mare in Kentucky has produced twins at *one* birth—one a perfect *mule*, the other a perfect *horse*; and to descend to individual cases, my neighbor has this spring as fine a smooth, clean-limbed, evenly-colored, nicely-bred filly, as ever was foaled, from an old bloodmare that has produced 15 mules in 17 years' breeding, without ever having been bred, except in the last instance, to a horse. I have myself bred as many as ten colts in one season, from mares that had been used by myself exclusively in mule breeding previously.

In the early days in mule breeding in Kentucky and Virginia, the practice generally obtained with the most careful breeders, of breeding even blood fillies for the first time to a jack, and the practice even now in Kentucky, is very common, and it is a practice worthy of attention. The foal of a jack is generaly smaller than from a horse, and better adapted to the first breeding of a filly; and a filly at two years old is as available in breeding a mule as she would be at three years old from a horse, and to-day thousands of the best and most successful brood mares used for colt breeding, were first bred to a jack and produced a mule.

Let the practical mule breeder in all the country I have named, who has damaged his mares as horse breeders by breeding mules, speak out through your columns, giving his name and residence and the experience of his whole vicinity. I venture the prediction, Mr. Editor, that no such man can be found.—*Anthony Kellgore, in Country Gentleman.*

Fences in Europe.

Americans who give us sketches of their travels in Europe, often speak of farming sections in which there are few or no fences. But it appears from the following statement of a correspondent of the Country Gentleman that the absence of fences is far from universal:—

In some parts of Europe the live stock is cared for by "tenders" and dogs; but in England it is not so, as the "open-field" parishes in England were reduced to a very few before the writer left that country; and so far from any "open-field" system being desirable, in every instance where enclosures took place and hedges were planted in the vales, or walls built on the hills, and the owners had their property all within "ring fences" and subdivided too for the tenants, there the value of the land was enhanced far above the cost of apportioning and fencing. In no country in the world are there such fences as in England, and most of the living ones pay for themselves—the wood cut out, selling (for firing) at more than pays the scientific "hedger and ditcher." The writer of this article had the hedges around twenty-three fields cut one winter, the former tenants having neglected to have them cut and laid for many years; and this was done by an agreement in writing with several hedgers and ditchers, who agreed to cut and lay the hedges properly and clean out the ditches, for the wood which would be left after they had wattled sufficient in to remain strong enough to keep stock from rambling, and they did well by the job and made good work; while the mud, &c., thrown out of the ditches, after sufficient had been thrown on the banks among the roots of the hawthorn stumps to make them the better, was hauled and mixed up with gas lime and other heavy matter, making compost enough to dress heavily more than 100 acres of the greensward. These hawthorn hedges are good fences, when kept cropped off with sheers or hooks annually, around arable land, and they are splendid fences around permanent grass fields, when "cut and laid every ten years;" and when they are about from eight to fourteen feet high, there is nothing shelters a country like them.

The dairying districts, the grazing and the ploughed portions of the country are all, but in a very few cases, fenced with the hardy hawthorn. On light hilly tracts of land, such as the Cotswold Hills, &c., there are stone walls, because the subsoil is not favorable for making good hedges.

Oiling Farm Implements.

Every farmer should have a can of linseed oil and a brush on hand, and whenever he buys a new tool, he should soak it well with the oil and dry it by the fire or in the sun, before using. The wood by this treatment is toughened and strengthened, and rendered impervious to water. Wet a new hay-rake, and when it dries it will begin to be loose in the joints; but if well oiled, the wet will have but slight effect. Shovels and forks are preserved from checking and cracking in the top of the handle by oiling; the wood becomes smooth as glass by use, and is far less liable to blister the hand when long used. Axe and hammer handles often break off where the wood enters the iron: this part particularly should be toughened with oil, to secure durability. Oiling the wood in the eye of the axe will prevent its swelling and shrinking, and sometimes getting loose. The tools on a large farm cost a large sum of money; they should be of the most approved kinds. It is a poor economy at the present extravagant prices of labor, to set men at work with ordinary, old-fashioned implements. Laborers should be required to return their tools to the convenient places provided for them; after using, they should be put away clean and bright. The mould-boards of ploughs are apt to get rusty from one season to another, even if sheltered; they should be brushed over with a few drops of oil when put away, and will then remain in good order till wanted.—*Farm Journal.*

How to Grow Pie Plant.

A writer in the Country Gentleman tells how to grow rhubarb that will surprise your neighbors, and pay well. He says:—

"Dig a trench about two feet wide and eighteen inches deep; then scatter barnyard manure to the depth of three inches in the bottom of the trench, and thoroughly mix it with the soil by using a spade fork, spading the ground to the depth of eight inches; then mix manure with the soil as you throw it back into the trench. After all of the dirt has been thrown back into the trench, it will be several inches higher than the general surface of the garden, and in setting the roots care must be taken that they are set deep enough to have their crown a little below the general surface of the ground when the dirt in the trench is well settled. If the above plan is strictly followed, mammoth pie plant will be the result. The writer, a few years since, set two or three dozen plants according to the above directions, and they drew visitors for miles around, all of whom wanted some roots of the 'new sort of pie plant.' The varieties were Myatt's victoria and linnæus. It was hard work to make them believe that the secret of its enormous growth was manure."

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 49 letters.
My 1, 9, 14, 38, is a vegetable.
My 6, 26, 3, 13, 47, 17, 10, 40, 30, is a flower.
My 8, 16, 45, 32, 24, 46, 23, 44, 5, 28, is a city.
My 20, 36, 48, 43, 22, 34, is often heard.
My 21, 4, 45, 25, 17, 29, 11, 44, is a city in Mexico.
My 31, 28, 2, 15, 7, is a utensil.
My 37, 41, 27, 25, 33, 4, is a vegetable.
My 39, 35, 9, 12, 18, 14, is a country in Europe.
My 49, 19, 42, 33, 20, is a city spoken of in the Bible.
My whole is a verse from the New Testament.

PHILIP.

Honeytown, Ind.

Enigma.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 4, 2, 6, 7, 8, 3, is a girl's name.
My 1, 3, 7, is a covering.
My 6, 5, 6, 7, 1, is an ordinal.
My 2, 3, 4 8, 7, is a vessel.
My 6, 3, 2, is a word of negation.
My 4, 3, 7, is an animal.
My whole is a flower.

DOT AND DASH.

Charade.

My *first* a single letter will convey,
My *second* o'er it roams for many a day,
Borne by my *third*, which never would succeed
Unless my *whole* were ready at its need.

Problem.

In a triangle A B C, the side A B is 154, A C 150, and B C 136 rods in length. From the vertical angle C, a line C D, 128 rods long, is drawn to the opposite side A B. It is required to draw another line H S, 100 rods long, at right angles with C D, from a certain point in A C to B C. Find the distance of the points from the angle C when D is nearest to it.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is Scotland like a place not mentionable to ears polite? Ans.—Because it is the land of *immortal Burns*.

☞ Why is a surgeon, since the discovery of ether, like a swindler? Ans.—Because he cuts off without payin' (pain.)

☞ O and P ran a race. I backed O. P won. Why was this like sending my servant for cigars and he brought me cavendish? Ans.—Because it was wrong *to back O*. Ha! ha!

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined:
If your trust in God is steadfast,
He will help you—never mind."

DECAPITATION—Prelate, relate, elate, late, ate, te, e.

RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE SKELETON LEAVES.—Have a large, deep earthen pot, or wooden cask, with the head off, fill it with rain water, then put your leaves or seed vessels in, taking care that they are selected in a state sufficiently matured for the seedy fibre to be completely formed; that is, the leaf must neither be flaccid from youth nor dry from age. Let them remain in the cask without changing the water until they become pulpy, and their outer skin and fleshy matter will brush off. This should be done carefully with a common painter's brush. Should any part of the skin remain firmly fixed, put them again into the water, and wait patiently; patience and carefulness being the only requisites for success. When perfectly clean, bleach the skeletons in chloride of lime. Magnolia leaves of all kinds require maceration from three weeks to three months. Tulip and pear three weeks, ivy (very pretty) two months, orange and lemon six months, mulberry (difficult) two or three weeks. Seed vessels are more troublesome, but exceedingly pretty. These, as well as the leaves, should be carefully looked at every two or three weeks whilst in the water.

TO MAKE BUTTER COME.—After churning, if the particles of butter will not unite, as is often the case in very cold or very hot weather, drop into the churn a piece of butter the size of an egg, or larger, giving the whole a few dashes. The particles, true to the laws of attraction, will readily unite with the larger lump, and the work is done.

PEACH LEAF YEAST.—Peach leaves, used in the same way as hops, make excellent yeast. The may be used fresh from the tree during the summer—but the winter supply should be picked before frost comes and dried. We have not tried this recipe.

☞ A good, but we know not how reliable a story, is related of a venerable doctor of the experimental and eclectic school of medicine. It was one of his rules never to have anything wasted; and, therefore, when any prescription remained after the patient had died or recovered, he would empty it into a bottle kept for the purpose, that became the receptacle of a heterogeneous compound that science could not analyze. A younger member of the faculty noted this as a very singular fact, and asked of him the reason for it. The doctor hesitated a little, and then replied that, though in ordinary cases he knew well what to do, there were instances when all his medical skill failed. At such times it was his custom to resort to the big bottle, and leave nature and accident to accomplish the cure. "And, will you believe it," said he, "some of my most brilliant successes have resulted from it!"

☞ FRUIT SYRUPS.—Frequent and alarming cases of poisoning have recently been noticed in Brussels, and on investigation the causes were discovered to be the use of raspberry, currant and other fruit syrups. The Belgian chemists have analyzed these syrups, and assert that none of them contained a trace of the fruit after which the syrup was named. Many consisted of a solution of glucose, colored with analine red mixed with tartaric or citric acid, and a few drops of fruit essences. Fuchsine, the form of analine red used, it is stated is frequently combined with arsenic.